Text of A Television Play: **SATAN IN SALEM**

TOMORROW

ord Revisited—

POST-MORTEM ON A POLTERGEIST

r Berger:

GREENWICH VILLAGE GHOST

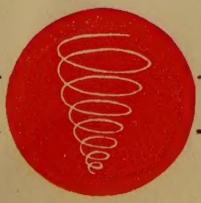
on Menard:

SOUTH SEA FIREWALKERS

ice Barbanell:

SEANCE ROOM SCOUNDREL

Also In This Issue: HAUNTING FOOTSTEPS, by Jean Lyttle; POLTERGEISTS, MADE IN U.S.A., by Hereward Carrington; NOT JUST A DREAM, by Gordon G. Sampson; THE RELUCTANT PSYCHIC, by Susy Smith; FUNERAL IN THE SKY, by Dorothy Donath; THE GHOSTLY LADY OF LOSELY HALL, by B. M. Moffat; Book Reviews by Allan Angoff, C. J. Ducasse, F. J. M. Stratton, Betty Nicol, Ian Stevenson.



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Vol. 6, No. 3; Summer 1958

EDITORIAL:

HELLENIC HERITAGE

ATHENS

VISITING the land of the Hellenes is an inspiring experience that calls forth a variety of reflections and emotions. Ancient Hellas extended a great deal farther than modern Greece; yet, the Greeks never formed a united single unit, as did Egypt and Rome. Their unity, even today, lies not so much in geographical relatedness as in ethnology. Once Greece was surely a continent. Later on, one suspects, many upheavals of volcanic origin took place, and so her islands were born.

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Continued on Back Cover

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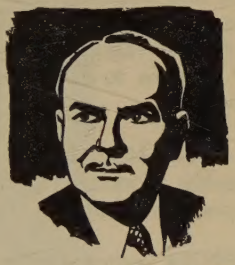

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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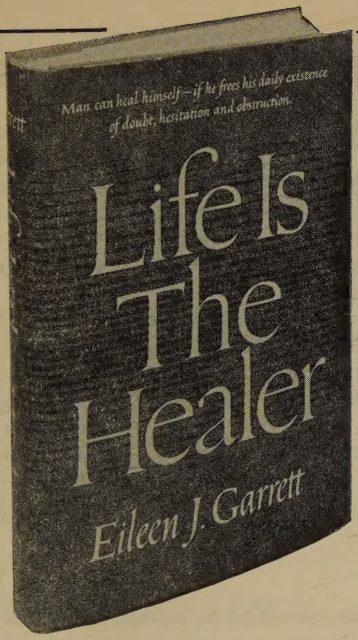

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e family of James M. Herrmann, bedeviled by popping bottles d flying objects, hopes the ordeal will never repeat itself

EAFORD REVISITED

POST-MORTEM ON A POLTERGEIST

An Editorial Report

N June 3, exactly five months after the first bottles "popped" at the home of James M. Herrmann in Seaford, Long Island, a MORROW reporter rang the door bell of the attractive, quiet suburban use. It was difficult to imagine, under the shade trees of this small mmunity in Nassau County, New York, that for more than a month s home had been the scene of an old-fashioned "poltergeist" haunting vith, to be sure, a good many modern touches in action and inter-

pretation. This evening, the Herrmann family had returned from a vacation trip to the British West Indies: James Herrmann; his wife Lucille; their fourteen-year-old daughter, Lucille; and their twelve-year-old son, James, Jr., whom everyone calls Jimmy. It was a well-deserved vacation. It followed five weeks of bottle-popping, furniture-hopping and bookcase-dropping, and three more months of hectic publicity, interviews, and investigations.

The time had come to assess, if possible, the effects of all these unsettling events on the Herrmann family. How did they now feel about those strange happenings that had mystified the nation, and that had been reported all over the globe?

Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann were sitting quietly in their living room which had been the scene of a number of apparently inexplicable phenomena. They were undoubtedly grateful that the period of excitement and confusion had passed. Although it was early evening, both children were in bed.

But Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann were still in doubt as to the real cause of the phenomena that had made their household a center of nation-wide attention. Frankly, they did not know what natural or super-natural "force" had balanced bottles on cartons, smashed a portable record player and thrown a 20-inch high statue of the Virgin Mary across a bedroom.

The events had begun on February 3 and had stopped on March 10. On May 15, Dr. Karlis Osis, Director of Research of the Parapsychology Foundation, following an investigation, reported in the Foundation's *Newsletter* that Jimmy "might have caused the disturbances by normal means if he so wished." Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann rejected this explanation; they were angry and hurt that anyone might suspect their boy of mischievous trickery. Had not Dr. J. G. Pratt, Associate Director, Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, been quoted as saying that the incidents were "not a hoax perpetrated by a member of the family"? And Dr. J. L. Woodruff, Department of Psychology, College of the City of New York, had left the matter open in the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research, stating that the question of "normal involvement of the children" was "largely a matter of opinion."

It was quiet in the house on 1648 Redwood Path. The inquiring reporters were gone. The television cameras had been trucked away. Letters were still coming in; the Herrmanns were trying to be conscientious in answering serious inquiries and suggestions. As Mr. Herr-

ıann put it, "We are beginning to repair the damage that was done, nd we hope we won't have to go through all that again . . ."

ebruary 3 to March 9

WHAT were the events that had done this damage to the Herrmann household? They began on February 3, at 3 P.M. During the next wo hours, six screw-top bottles opened, fell over and spilled their ontents. The bottles were located in four different rooms. One con- ained holy water, another nail polish remover, another rubbing alco- ol, and the others liquified starch and bleach.

Mrs. Herrmann telephoned her husband in his office at Air France, ıe airline for which he works as an inter-line liaison executive. She old him that "all the bottles in the house are blowing their tops." s Mr. Herrmann recalls it, in Jimmy's room "a porcelain Davy Crock- tt, a wooden gondola, and a plastic angel all fell to the floor and broke. he crucifix fell off our wall and a bottle of holy water turned over nd spilled." (The Herrmanns are a Roman Catholic family.)

On February 6, bottles opened once again, spilled their contents nd, above all, divested themselves of their screw-on tops. Also, a ottle of bleach was said to have "jumped" out of a cardboard box for ıe second time. The plastic angel, once again, fell from its position on a helf. The next day, about half a dozen bottles opened up.

While the family was sitting at the Sunday breakfast table, February , the events were all but forgotten. In Mr. Herrmann's words, "Then, ang! The perfume goes. The holy water goes. While we're cleaning p, we hear everything letting go in the bathroom. . ." Mr. Herrmann otified the Seventh Precinct of the local police, and police officer ames Hughes came to the house.

The phenomena continued on the 11th: a small perfume bottle lost s atomizer cap and fell on its side; this took place in the room occu- ied by Lucille, the daughter. In the basement, a turpentine can that ad fallen over twice on February 9 toppled to its side. The police ssigned Detectives Joseph Tozzi and Sgt. Bert McConnell to the ase. Mr. Tozzi removed the perfume bottle for analysis by the olice Laboratory at Mineola, L. I.

Next day, at the suggestion of the police detectives, supervised by ssistant Chief Inspector Francis Looney, the family refilled several ottles with water. They obtained twelve-ounce and six-ounce bottles nd placed them, filled, in spots within the house that had previously een scenes of bottle-popping or other incidents.

On February 13, an eight-ounce bottle of holy water appeared to "throw" its screwed-on cap upward. This bottle had been freshly filled, following a previous "explosion." Inspector Frank Pribyl, chief of the Police Laboratory at Mineola, L. I., reported that no "foreign agents" had been found in the bottle examined earlier. The Long Island Lighting Company installed a high-frequency vibration detecting apparatus in the Herrmann home. The device was described by company engineers as "so sensitive that it could record the rappings of human knuckles on the floor at the other end of the cellar." No vibrations were recorded, while the vibration detector remained installed overnight. "Decoy" bottles, filled with water, remained undisturbed throughout the next day.

On February 15, James Herrmann reported that a bottle of holy water, knocked over once before, was found lying on its side in the master bedroom. He said: "I had just gone into the room with my son and daughter and we noticed that this bottle had fallen. I rushed over to the perfume bottle to see if anything had happened to that. It was hot, as if lukewarm water was in it." In the evening, a visiting cousin, Miss Marie Murtha, and the two children reported that they had seen a porcelain figure of a colonial woman move through the air.

A plastic angel moved from Jimmy's night table on February 16 and was reported to have "flown" about four feet through the air and struck a statuette of Davy Crockett. A globe fell to the floor. A night table in the master bedroom, as well as a lamp in Jimmy's room and another one in the master bedroom were seemingly knocked to the floor.

After five days of quiescence, a bleach bottle "exploded" its screw cap on February 20, and Detective Tozzi was called to the house. At 8:30 a crash was heard and the porcelain figurine of a colonial man was reported to have flown from an end table and to have crashed against a nearby secretary table. The impact caused a noticeable dent in the wood. Shortly after 9 P.M. a bowl, filled with sugar, was reported to have left a dinette table, hitting a door and breaking into pieces. Detective Tozzi observed part of the bowl's movement, from the hall. Later on, in the basement, Detective Tozzi observed a horse-and-rider bronze figure move from the staircase and land at his feet.

The Herrmanns Flee

ON February 21, the Herrmann family, following the events of the previous day, decided to leave its residence, at least temporarily. They moved to the nearby home of relatives. Meanwhile, police co-

perated with the Herrmann family in placing a revolving cap over he chimney of its house, designed to prevent air currents that might isplace household items.

The Herrmann family returned home February 23. In the living oom, a figurine fell; in the master bedroom a lamp tumbled down; n Jimmy's room a heavy chest of drawers fell over.

On February 24, following a rumbling noise, a heavy chest of rawers was discovered tipped over in Jimmy's room shortly before P.M. Later on, an ashtray on a cocktail table moved toward a sec- etarial desk; at 8:30 P.M. a globe was seen moving through the air. t 9 P.M. a heavy book case was said to have moved at a 45 degree ngle and to have "dumped all its books."

Shortly after midnight a picture drawn by Jimmy fell off the wall n his room. In the same room a figure fell down and knocked over picture taken at Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann's wedding. A statue was eported to have "smashed" into the frame of a mirror. About 6 P.M. f February 25, a portable phonograph "crashed" into the woodwork f the basement staircase. Later, a metal bread plate moved off the ining room table.

Next day, a mobile receiver-transmitter was brought to the house rom the Rocky Point station of the Radio Corporation of America. he device was described as capable of receiving radio signals from 15 ilocycles to 220 megacycles. RCA technicians Lester E. Rider and owell E. Fletcher, who brought the receiver, stated they would xamine the various wavebands for "unusual or phenomenal signals hich may be passing through the area." At the same time the Building ommissioner of Hempstead, L. I., Fred J. Klaess, together with build- ng examiners, checked the house for possible structural irregularities hat might have contributed to the phenomena reported. Both in- estigations failed to uncover any unusual conditions.

On March 2, a lamp in the parents' bedroom fell to the floor, and the enterpiece on the dining room crashed against the cabinet. At 8:00 .M. a picture in the room of James, Jr. fell to the floor. At 8:45 P.M. he globe flew from the same room. At 10:10 P.M. the night table eside Jimmy's bed fell over on its side, together with a lamp that as on it. Mr. Herrmann observed part of its fall, with a flashlight.

Two days later, John Gold, New York correspondent of the London *vening News*, reported that about 5 P.M. he saw a flashbulb move rom an end table in the living room and strike a wall about twelve eet away. Following this, three or four knocks were heard coming

from the kitchen wall. Shortly afterwards, a noise was heard in the basement. A bleach bottle was found "balanced" on top of a cardboard soap carton, with its cap on the floor, about two feet away. Then, a glass centerpiece was reported to have moved from the dining room table to a cupboard, breaking a piece of molding. At 6 P.M. a heavy bookcase toppled over in the basement where Jimmy was doing his homework.

On March 5, a world globe, which had figured in two previous incidents, appeared to have moved from the room of James, Jr. and landed in the hall. The event took place in the evening, after Jimmy had gone to bed. Next day, while Mrs. Herrmann was preparing breakfast, a coffee table overturned in the living room.

Intermittent incidents continued to occur up to March 10. No fully satisfactory hypothesis was developed nor did the various physical and chemical investigations suggest direct cause. Scrutiny of the building structure indicated merely normal settling.

Spotlights of Publicity

THE events in the Herrmann home received wide-spread attention from newspapers, magazines, radio and television. Associated Press reports were carried by all major newspapers and items were carried in smaller newspapers and broadcast on radio stations throughout the country. Rather full accounts were carried by the New York *World-Telegram*, the New York *Times*, and the Long Island paper, *Newsday*, during the days when the events were most active.

Reports were carried in the following national magazines: *Newsweek*, on March 10 and 24; *Time*, on March 17, and a rather extensive article appeared in *Life*, March 17; it was reprinted in the *Reader's Digest's* June issue. An article appeared in the August issue of *Pageant*. Herrmann was interviewed on John Wingate's television show, "Night Beat," on March 18, and on the "Jack Parr Show," June 11.

He was also interviewed on the local New York radio program "The Tex and Jinx Show" on WRCA, March 10. The whole family and the house were visited by Edward R. Murrow and the television cameras of CBS-TV, April 11, on the "Person to Person" program.

Several newspapers added editorial comments, mainly in a light and humorous vein.

Among major newspapers that commented editorially were the Washington *Post & Times Herald* and The New York *Times*. The Washington paper observed that "there aren't—so they say—many

mysteries now left in the world, so we ought to be grateful for all those weird goings on turning the hitherto normal and peaceful household of Mr. and Mrs. James Herrmann of Seaford, Long Island, into a kind of 24-hour nightmare."

The *Times* quoted Hereward Carrington and Nandor Fodor as writing in their book *Haunted People* that "the poltergeist is not a ghost—it is a bundle of projected repressions." The paper, observing that the Seaford phenomena had apparently stopped, added:

"Whatever the case may be, the Herrmanns no longer have a poltergeist, much less any projected repressions. The poltergeist, or the projected repressions, will probably turn up somewhere else in due course of time. These things, whatever they are, get bored . . ."

Enter: The Experts

THE first full scholarly appraisal of the Seaford case was presented by Dr. Osis in the *Newsletter* of the Parapsychology Foundation under the title "An Evaluation of the Seaford 'Poltergeist' Case." The analysis was accompanied by a diagram of the Herrmanns' home, with tabulations showing the frequency and location of the incidents. Dr. Osis observed that "occurrences were most frequently associated with Jimmy's room, where they also first started. Next in frequency was the parental bedroom; then the dining room, where the children sometimes did their homework. Young Lucille's room and the play room in which she does part of her home work showed the least frequency."

Dr. Osis also noted that "the affected objects" seemed to have been picked out from among others, without disturbing those adjacent to them." Thus, he concluded, "the disturbances in the house" did not appear "to have resulted from unguided action of physical variables," so that "we are definitely left with involvement of the human variables, normal or paranormal." Dr. Osis then proceeded to examine the possibility of normal or paranormal events.

As to the frequency of events, "Sundays definitely stand out over the rest of the week. Wednesdays and Fridays are very quiet. Whatever happened in Jimmy's room was, in 16 out of 18 cases, concentrated on Sundays and Mondays." On Saturday, when the family members were "kept busy" with household chores, "there were no disturbances," except for "a few in the evenings when the work was over."

Dr. Osis also observed that the "peak frequency of phenomena" fell "just following the time of the children's return from school" and "disturbances during school hours occurred only on weekends." He

concluded that "there is a close connection between Jimmy's activities, whereabouts and habits and the timing of the disturbances." He added: "We might further infer that Jimmy, in all probability, was the normal or paranormal cause of the events."

Dr. Osis then examined three hypotheses: that Jimmy might have unconsciously produced the phenomena by normal means; that he might have caused them consciously; or that the phenomena might have been produced by Jimmy's telekinetic influence on the disturbed objects. After examining ten of the most significant incidents, Dr. Osis concluded that "it is possible that every one of them could have been caused by normal means." He ended his report: "We have strong enough evidence that the boy might have caused the disturbances by normal means if he so wished. This gives us sufficient grounds upon which to reject the paranormal explanation."

This view contrasted sharply with that of Dr. J. G. Pratt of the Duke Parapsychology Laboratory as reported in the press. Dr. Pratt, pending a more detailed scholarly review, considered psycho-kinesis (defined by the Duke Laboratory as "the direct influence exerted on a physical system by a subject without any known intermediate physical energy or instrumentation") a possibility. Dr. Pratt applied a new concept, that of "Recurrent Spontaneous Psychokinesis" to the Seaford case. He was quoted by the Associated Press as saying: "There were numerous instances where the position of every member of the family was recorded when a bottle bounced or a cork flew off. I'm almost certain no hoax is involved." The United Press reported, following an interview with the Duke Laboratory's Assistant Director:

"Dr. Pratt said he had not been able yet to come up with an explanation for the mystery because there were 'too many angles' to consider. Exploring the possibility that mental power was responsible for the moving objects, he centered his attention on the Herrmann's son, 12 year old Jimmy. Psychokinesis, the ability to move objects with mental power, is believed more likely to appear in children, if it exists at all. Dr. Pratt said he was unable to say whether Jimmy had this strange power but he said he felt certain the boy was not playing a prank or lying."

Dr. Woodruff walked a scholarly tightrope in his report for the American Society for Psychical Research. He weighed the possibility of "intentional conscious human action of a non-parapsychological nature" against "manifestations of some kind of psi function," which would include psychokinesis. He felt that there is "small chance of

arriving at a definite answer," adding that "it is perhaps most parsimonious for our discussion to attribute the incidents to Jimmy, whether normally or paranormally caused."

Dr. Woodruff noted, as had Dr. Osis, considerable domestic regimentation of the two Herrmann children; they received the rather small weekly allowance of 25 cents each, for which they had to account, and had to be in bed at an early hour nightly. Such discipline, considerably tighter than in an average household, could, in the eyes of the two authorities, result in underlying inter-personal tensions that might offer motivation for "normal" or "paranormal" incidents.

However, Dr. Woodruff concluded that "the events at Seaford, although providing an opportunity for almost 'on the spot' investigation, do not seem to provide the basis for a clear cut decision, regarding the presence or absence of parapsychological manifestations."

The Flying Phonograph

SEVERAL incidents that had achieved wide publicity appeared less striking when witnesses were questioned directly. Thus the New York *World Telegram & Sun* reported (February 26) that a portable phonograph was "hurtled twelve feet through the air and crashed against the cellar stairway." As this incident was repeated and re-told, the fact was generally omitted that, as reported in the same news dispatch, "Jimmy was sitting there all by his lonesome in one corner of the rumpus room, immersed in his home work," apparently sole witness of the event.

Mr. Herrmann, interviewed on the "Night Beat" television program (March 18) stated that, "One person actually saw [an object] start" in motion. This was Miss Marie Murtha whom he referred to as "a cousin of ours who was visiting the home." However, being interviewed by telephone, Miss Murtha stated that she did "not actually see the figurine fly up from the table." She and the two Herrmann children were watching television at the time; she had seen the figurine of a colonial woman start to wobble on an end table and then had seen something white, "like a feather," in the air above it. After the object had fallen to the floor, about five feet away, she stated that, "No one touched it," because Jimmy, who was the nearest person to the figure, would have had to lean over to reach it.

A third incident was reported in The New York *Times*, March 4, as follows: "John Gold, correspondent of the London *Evening News*, said he saw a flashbulb rise slowly from an eighteen-inch high table in the

living room at 5 P.M. It struck a wall about twelve feet away." In a later telephone interview, Mr. Gold said that he had not, in fact, seen the flashbulb rise from the table. He was standing at the door with Mrs. Herrmann, preparing to leave. The part of the living room from which the flight originated was not visible to him. He saw, as he put it, about "two-thirds" of the flight of the bulb, when it bounced off the living room wall. It was on this same occasion that a heavy bookcase fell over in the basement and Mr. Gold and Mrs. Herrmann discovered Jimmy standing in close proximity, and Gold noticed that Jimmy was "breathing hard," either, as he stated later, "out of fear or from doing a job of hard physical labor."

However, Mr. Herrmann feels that the radio-physical theory is the most likely, although he continues to be open-minded on theories of the cause of the events.

He told TOMORROW that, in his opinion, the objects in the house seem to have been driven in the same general direction within the house: diagonally, from North-West to South-East, and in a descending direction. In the numerous cases where their path did not follow this line directly, Mr. Herrmann theorizes that the objects might have been "bounced off" the unseen force, "like balls on a billiard table," where, by applying a spinning motion to a ball, and by hitting a second ball, this ball can be forced to move at an angle, up to 85 degrees.

Mr. Herrmann believes that such a force might have been caused by governmental experiments in such fields as radar and electronics, perhaps at the nearby U.S. Air Force Base on Mitchel Field.

The Public Has Its Say

AS a result of the wide publicity which the Seaford case has had in the press, on radio and television, the Herrmann family receives a great number of letters that try to explain the events; on the day the TOMORROW reporter visited them, they had just had a letter from Sweden.

According to Mrs. Herrmann, the theories most frequently advanced fall into five major categories:

(1) A frequent suggestion, amusing to the family, is that "space men" may have been responsible for the mysterious happenings.

(2) Among religious explanations are those that interpret the happenings in terms of good and evil. Some correspondents suggest that the Devil must have been at work in Seaford; others feel that the family may have been guilty of some sin and are therefore being

punished for it. A "good" force is sometimes suggested within the framework of Roman Catholic beliefs. It has been suggested, for instance, that Jimmy may be possessed of "miraculous powers," or that the force may emanate from a soul in Purgatory that desires prayer to reach Heaven.

(3) The traditional "poltergeist" idea of a spirit entity is advanced in various forms. Some correspondents feel that a malevolent spirit may be causing the incidents, while others think that the restless spirit of a person "buried under the house" may be responsible.

(4) The parapychological thesis that psychokinesis is involved is mentioned in a number of letters.

(5) The theory of electro-magnetic forces, which Mr. Herrmann favors, is also mentioned frequently.

Mrs. Herrmann has spent some time, in recent months, reading literature that may throw light on the series of incidents. She has considered the possibility that Jimmy may be able to move objects, without knowing it, by "mind powers." However, this explanation does not convince her. As her husband put it: "Jimmy would have to devote his life to developing mental powers, like an Indian fakir, in order to move even a cigarette box a couple of inches."

While Mr. Herrmann sticks to electro-magnetism as a likely explanation, Mrs. Herrmann did not completely exclude the possibility of spirit agency. Considering the fact that, historically, a restless spirit is frequently considered the origin of such incidents, very little consideration seems to have been given to this age-old hypothesis, in this case.

Half-jokingly, Mr. Herrmann recalled that, not long before the incidents began, he had returned from a journey to the Caribbean. Had "something" attached himself to him—Haitian loa or a Jamaican spirit entity? After briefly considering this possibility, he noted that a less esoteric explanation would be much more satisfactory. Meanwhile, Mrs. Herrmann looked around her well-ordered living room, with nothing more other-worldly in sight than a television screen, with the hope, "We're keeping our fingers crossed that it won't start all over again!"

"Noisy spirits"—blamed for disturbances in Europe and Asia—are not uncommon in the annals of American psychic research

POLTERGEISTS, MADE IN U.S.A.

Hereward Carrington

On the following pages, Hereward Carrington, a veteran U.S. psychic researcher, offers a historic review of poltergeist phenomena reported in the United States, going back to the seventeenth century. Dr. Carrington is the author of many books and articles on poltergeist phenomena and related subjects. As he notes in this report, most of the phenomena that he investigated personally "turned out to be due to fraud, delusion and self-deception." Nevertheless, this article reflects the attitude and conclusion of the original witnesses and investigators; it refrains from analyzing each case, but offers the reader a bird's eye view of a neglected segment of Americana — Poltergeists, Made in U.S.A.

ALTHOUGH ghostly phenomena are usually associated with old castles and ancient ruins — particularly British — our young country can boast of a goodly number of these strange occurrences. That is particularly true of poltergeist manifestations, in which objects are thrown about, fires lighted, stones thrown, and

ther physical phenomena occur. uch cases have been reported in ll ages, and from all parts of the orld. Let us confine ourselves, owever, to the "all-American" ases.

The earliest record I find is that iven by Cotton Mather, in his ook *Remarkable Providences.* his case occurred in 1662, in the ome of George Walton, of Plyouth, Mass. Stones were thrown, nd windows broken, but no ause was ascertained. It was alged that when stones actually it people, they did so only "gently," a condition often noted in uch phenomena. The manifestaons continued for some time, ut have never been completely xplained. Our next case was in 789, in the home of Dr. Thorn, f New Haversack, New York. It as reported at the time in the ew York *Packet* (March 10), nd seemingly remained a mysery.

An odd case occurred in 1815, n Marbleton, Ulster County, N.Y. he phenomena occurred for the ost part out of doors; showers f stones were "seen" to rise from ne ground and fall back again. hese stones were reported to ave moved three or four feet off ne ground, and then move horiontally for thirty or forty feet. ccording to the reports, all these ccurrences were viewed by crowds" of witnesses.

The "Bell Witch"

TWO years later, in 1817, the "Bell Witch" began operations at the Bell farm in Tennessee. This is one of the most famous poltergeist cases on record, and lasted for years. Two books and innumerable articles have been written about it, while an excellent summary of the case by Dr. Nandor Fodor may be found in our jointly written book, *Haunted People.* The case ended in murder and tragedy. The manifestations, whatever their cause, were so varied, prolonged and extraordinary that no mere summary can do it justice.

The year 1847 was marked by the advent of the Fox Sisters, the "Rochester Knockings," and Modern Spiritualism. Three years later (1850-51) the famous Phelps Case (in Stratford, Conn.) gained wide notoriety, and was of an amazing character. It lasted for eighteen months, and is one of the "classic" cases. (A more doubtful one was recorded in Ohio the same year.)

In 1865, a curious poltergeist case was reported, since the phenomena seemed to follow the subject from house to house. This instance was reported in detail by an intelligent woman, well known to Dr. Richard Hodgson, and commented upon by Dr. James H. Hyslop. These two officials of the American Society for Psychical Research followed up the case

and reviewed it in the A.S.P.R. *Journal,* May, 1910. It was never explained.

The *Atlantic Monthly* reported a case (August, 1868) in which many unusual poltergeist phenomena occurred in the home of Mr. A. H. Willis, of Boston. Among other things, "a stone slab weighing forty-eight pounds" was supposed to have "jumped into the air," with no one apparently near it. There were, we are told, many witnesses.

In 1873 a poltergeist case was written-up in the Durand (Wisc.) *Times,* as occurring in the home of a Mr. Lynch. A young boy was suspected and he was tied in his chair by skeptical onlookers, but the phenomena are alleged to have continued as before!

The T. B. Clarke case occurred in 1874, carefully observed by a number of persons. Mr. Clarke was known to Dr. Hodgson and Professor Elliott Coues. The case was later reported in full by Dr. Hyslop in the A.S.P.R. *Proceedings* Vol. VII, 1913, (pp. 193-425).

The Great Amherst Mystery (1878-79), one of the most celebrated of all cases, was the subject of a book of the above title by Walter Hubbell. Fires were lighted, objects thrown about, lighted matches fell from the ceiling, and Esther Cox (around whom the phenomena centered) was subjected to what almost amounted to physical persecution. Dr. Walter Franklin Prince wrote a criticism of the case (*Proceedings* A.S.P.R., XIII), in which he explained the phenomena in the light of abnormal psychology. However, Mr. R. S. Lambert observed in *Exploring the Supernatural,* "many readers, faced with Dr. Prince's explanation of the Amherst Mystery, will conclude that it is more obscure than the Mystery itself." On the other hand, the present writer, in 1907, personally interviewed all the surviving witnesses, including Esther Cox herself, and published his findings in his *Personal Experiences in Spiritualism.* Undoubtedly, Esther Cox was emotionally disturbed as a young woman, but the explanation of some of the phenomena still remains in doubt.

In 1880 several cases of poltergeist phenomena were reported—in the Cincinnati *Inquirer,* The Toronto *Globe,* the Quebec *Daily Mirror,* and elsewhere. The New York *Sun* noted a case in 1882, and the New York *World,* in 1883. (In this case the phenomena terrified a family so much that the little daughter, Mary, died of fright.) In the same year the New York *Sun* and the New York *Times* also reported cases — the latter in New Haven, Conn. Poltergeist phenomena were also reported as occurring in North Da-

ota and Trenton, N. J. These vere both in 1884.

howers of Stones

TWO years later, mysterious showers of stones were reorted in the Charleston *News nd Courier*; a fire-lighting case n the San Francisco *Bulletin* nd the New York *Herald*, and nother stone-throwing case in he Charleston News. Fires which were traced to no human gency" were noted in 1887, in he New York *World*, while, a ear later, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reported a stone-throwng case in North Carolina. A emarkable case, which began the ame year, was reported by me in *The Problems of Psychical Research*. It was supported by written affidavits.

In 1889, the famous Daggs case vas recorded (near Quebec), in vhich various poltergeist phenmena occurred. A report on this ase was drawn up and signed by eventeen witnesses. In the same ear, a fire-lighting case was reorted in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* — near Findlay, Ohio - and a case in the Brockville *Daily News*, in Clarendon, P. Q., Canada. Two years later a imilar case was reported near Toronto.

A somewhat amusing case was ecorded in the Chicago *Tribune*, in 1892, as occurring on a farm near Hazelwood, Ohio. In this case "men were stationed about the house with shotguns, but the stones continued to fall!" Another fire-lighting case took place in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1895, in which both firemen and policemen were called in. They reported that the fires were of "unknown origin," after stating that they had seen furniture and a bed burst into flames.

A well observed and reported case occurred in Orange, N. J., during the years 1901-4. Two intelligent women, Mrs. Savage and Sara Spottiswoode, M.D., were the witnesses, and no child was ever involved.

"Delusion and Self-Deception"

OF the many cases of poltergeist phenomena investigated by myself, most of them turned out to be due to fraud, delusion and self-deception. This was true of the Windsor case (*Proceedings* A.S.P.R., Vol. I) in which tricks were played on a probate judge; a case in New York, in 1917; one in Philadelphia, in 1930, and one in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1932.

In 1909-10 the Thatcher case occurred, considered of great value and interest by Dr. Hyslop (see *Journal* A.S.P.R., Sept. and Nov., 1910). The manifestations were observed by some twenty witnesses, including several med-

ical men. Only adults were present, on most occasions. Another case, personally observed by Dr. Hyslop, took place in 1911, in the home of the Rev. Dr. X — another clergyman being present. In most cases, however, Dr. Hyslop held that the psychological influences were of prime importance.

Simultaneously the Dale Tower case was recorded, in Georgia. Three young men were present, who watched one another, one of them being T. Hart Raines, M.D., who rendered the report (See *The Occult Review,* May, 1911). No child was ever present.

In the November issue of *Harper's Magazine,* (1934), may be found an account by a university professor of most unusual poltergeist manifestations in his own home, among them being what he called "the grand piano crash." Many of these were seen and heard by a friend of his, also a professor, who was visiting him— much to his consternation.

In 1935 Canadian papers carried accounts of severe poltergeist phenomena in the home of Joseph Quinn, near Toronto, which were witnessed by a number of people. Two more Canadian cases were reported in 1942 and 1944. (Still others are referred to by R. S. Lambert, in his book, *Exploring the Supernatural.*)

Three interesting and valuable cases were published in TOMORROW (Vol. I, No. 3, Vol. IV, No. 4, and Vol. V, No. 2) while numerous instances have been published from time to time in *Fate* magazine. Others may be found scattered throughout psychic literature.

Some Striking Evidence

FROM the above all-too-brief summary it will be seen that the number of poltergeist cases in this country has been considerable. Many of these have been carefully observed by medical doctors, ministers and teachers. It has been very rare, however, that experienced psychic researchers have observed any objects in motion. Many cases were analyzed only after the events had stopped. It should be pointed out, however, that, in a goodly percentage of cases, no child was present when the phenomena were noted — thus effectively disposing of Mr. Frank Podmore's contention that "some naughty little boy or girl" was invariably involved (see his article in S.P.R. *Proceedings,* Vol. XII).

The evidence in many instances is quite striking, and must be read in the original to be appreciated. The observations made and the precautions taken in many instances would seem to have ruled out fraud. Some supernormal agency appeared to be at work— intelligent though mischievous —

hough we may not accept the loctrine of "noisy spirits" as the ltimate solution! There are still nany unsolved mysteries con-ected with these poltergeist phe-omena.

In addition to the references given in the text, the following works may be consulted, as dealing with the subject in general or with particular case-histories:

The Bell Witch, By M. V. Ingram. (Clarksville, Tenn., 1894).

The Bell Witch. By Charles Bailey Bell. (Nashville, Tenn., 1934).

The Great Amherst Mystery. By Walter Hubbell. (New York, 1888).

The Same. New Edition. (N.Y., 1916).

Poltergeists. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (London, 1940).

Cock Lane and Common Sense. By Andrew Lang. (London, 1896).

Dreams and Ghosts. By Andrew Lang. (London, 1897).

The Night Side of Nature. By Catherine Crowe. N.D.

Modern Spiritualism. By Frank Podmore. (2 vols). 1902.

History of Spiritualism. By A. Conan Doyle. (2 vols.) 1926.

The Facts of Psychic Science and Philosophy. By Campbell Holms. (London, 1925.)

Haunted People: Story of the Poltergeist Down the Centuries. By Hereward Carrington and Nandor Fodor. (N.Y., 1951.)

Psychic Oddities. By Hereward Carrington. (London, 1952.)

The Encyclopedia of Psychic Science. By Nandor Fodor. (1933.)

Ghosts and Poltergeists. By Herbert Thurston. (Chicago, 1954.)

Numerous articles and case-histories in the *Proceedings* and *Journals* of the Society for Psychical Research, and the American Society.

[It should be noted that, while some of the above books deal exclusively with American cases, others refer to them only incidentally, being interspersed with "foreign" cases. The number reported in Great Britain far exceeds that of any other country.]

Poltergeist Peculiarities

AND now a few words, in conclusion, regarding certain peculiarities of poltergeist phenomena.

One of these is that the objects, in flight, often are said to take a curved path. If they were thrown normally they would, of course, travel in a straight line. They are also reported, at times, to dart off at right angles to their original course. This was especially noted in the Gröttendieck case (in the jungles of Sumatra), and in sev-

eral of the instances reported by Dr. J. J. Williams, in his book *Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica.* The path of the objects was reported, at the time, by several priests, who were observing the manifestations.

Another peculiarity is the apparent slowness of the flight, and the fact that the object was said to have landed gently, without breaking. Also, people have rarely been hit by these flying objects — though they have been occasionally, as though by intent.

Still another peculiarity is that the objects often appear to be warm, even hot, to the touch. This has been noted in extremely cold climates (such as Iceland and Siberia) where outside temperatures have been extremely low. Stones and other objects have been picked up which were too hot to be held with comfort, and had to be dropped after handling.

Stones and other objects have been thrown in closed rooms, seemingly dropping from the ceiling. The same is true of lighted matches. The fire-lighting phenomena have no known analogies with the phenomena of the séance room.

A number of reports relate that stones which have been marked were thrown out of the house onto some open space, or into a river, in which they were seen to sink. Within a few minutes, however, these marked stones were again thrown into the house, still wet, where they were identified.

Some objects have been reported as passing through windows or holes which were too small to admit their normal ingress. Tested afterwards, it was found that they would not pass through the opening through which they seemed to come. This occurred in a recent Canadian case, in which a lamp was deposited in the living room, and the only opening through which it could have come was found to be too small to admit it!

It should be noted that objects have frequently been thrown from some apparently empty room, coming visibly through the doorway and landing in the room occupied by the observers.

These are but a few of the oddities connected with poltergeist phenomena, which seem to demonstrate their supernormality. Such facts present perplexing problems — quite aside from the question of the mentality instigating and directing these curious manifestations.

America, then, has had its share of poltergeist phenomena. They are more numerous than generally supposed, and any new cases which may come to light will probably only add to their mystery.

For years after hearing the confession of a gruesome crime, a young man could not throw off impressions of present evil

HAUNTING FOOTSTEPS

Jean Lyttle

WHEN Robert Reston was a boy, his grandparents were keen spiritualists. At an early age he became familiar with most of the spiritualistic phenomena that were alleged to take place in the weekly home circle, or séance room, when friends and neighbors met to talk with their alleged dead friends.

As a child, he was at first awed —in the manner of young boys. He was supposed to sit still and be seen and not heard. But occasionally he took it into his head to add a few taps and creaks from his own chair. They were thankfully received; their source was, happily for him, never suspected.

As he grew older he took little notice when his elders talked about their meetings and what transpired at them. Robert might never have taken any of the phenomena of the home group seriously, had it not been for an incident that occurred when he was in his 'teens. One late afternoon, as he was walking home, he was accosted by a man who looked familiar to him, but Robert found some difficulty at first in placing him.

"Hello, there, Bob," the man said. "Can I walk with you a little way?"

"I don't see why not," the boy answered.

Robert was not sure how long they walked together, keeping in a kind of rhythmic step. He recognized the man finally as Dan Crowell, a neighbor who used to attend the family's séances regularly.

As they walked along, Crowell told Robert: "You know, I don't live here any more. We moved to Surbiton [a suburb on the outskirts of London]. It was a bad job too, for my wife began acting strangely."

Crowell paused, and then remarked more to himself than to young Robert, "Maybe it was my fault. As I look back now, she hadn't been well since her sister died a year before."

He turned again to Robert. "They were twins, you know — but of late years they hadn't seen too much of each other. She often remarked that her sister Mary was trying to get her to go over, but all that stuff got on my nerves and I wasn't too anxious to hear it. Finally I lost patience with her. I stayed out longer, and often I would have a drink with the boys on my way home from work. It's odd how an ailing, sniffling woman can affect you."

Robert felt a bit uneasy as they walked together. At a turn in the road, Dan disappeared, and Robert was alone. Frightened, although not sure why, he hurried home. But once there he decided not to mention his meeting with Dan Crowell.

Lilian at the River Inn

NEXT afternoon he met Dan again. Again they fell into a rhythmic step. Again Robert felt uneasy. When they reached the crossroad, Dan paused abruptly, then he said: "Look, boy. You can help me. I was having tea on Sunday evening with Lilian at a river inn. We walked along the towpath of the Thames at Windsor. She stopped to pick some water lilies growing in the river close to the bank."

Dan stopped. Then he went on again, the words fairly pouring from him.

"Suddenly I felt an uncontrollable rage, and when she called to me to get hold of her hand, and help her up the bank, I pushed her into the fast running water. No one seemed to hear the splash, and there was no one on the towpath. I knew she couldn't swim. I waited a few moments, rooted to the spot. She never came up.

"No one appeared, and finally I hurried to the lock where I knew I'd find people. I told them how my wife had lingered to pick the water lilies. I told them I had walked along, smoking quietly, and only when I paused to wait for her did I find her missing. 'Help me save her!' I begged them. 'She's back there!'

"Two men, followed by others, ran with me toward the spot, but we arrived too late. Although they found Lilian and applied artificial respiration, she was gone."

Dan told his gruesome story in a strangely quiet voice. This time Robert was seized with panic and rushed home to tell his parents. His father listened to his tale, but both parents refused to believe him. They remembered Dan Crowell and his wife and had a high regard for them both.

Robert felt ill and scared, but he stuck to his story. Next morning his father came to him, visibly shaken. The morning paper had reported that the body of a man had been pulled out of the Thames near Windsor. Papers in his pocket and dentures identified him as Dan Crowell.

The body had lacked identification, until a dentist came forward in answer to police inquiries. The body had been in the water for some time, and the features were almost unrecognizable. A check on the time of Daniel Crowell's death indicated that he had been dead for several days at the time young Robert first "walked" with him.

Further investigation revealed that Lilian, Crowell's wife, had apparently been accidentally drowned and that the death of her husband was suicidal. Those who knew them both testified that they had been a devoted couple, and that Lilian had lost her twin sister a year before her own drowning.

Haunted by Evil

ROBERT Reston grew to manhood always troubled by the story told him by Daniel Crowell. For some years afterward he was aware, from time to time, of stealthy footsteps behind him. He could find no one who understood or could explain the phenomenon, and he began to suffer from the continued "haunting."

Last year I met Robert Reston. Over tea, he told me the story I have repeated here. More recently, a letter from a friend who had introduced us, commented: "Robert asked me to tell you that he has felt much better since he talked with you. The footsteps that repeated themselves for years have ceased."

I have no explanation to offer here, beyond the power of prayer to lift the gloom and memory of a past crime from one who was only a recipient of the story. Far from maintaining his interest in the subject, Robert Reston feels that he was somehow haunted by evil, and he refused to give permission to use his true name.

A long-distance telephone call conveys a verbal message, but can the mind, swiftly and silently, send a picture as well?

NOT JUST A DREAM

Gordon G. Sampson

"DADDY! Daddy! Wake up!" My wife sobbed as she shook me. "Something terrible has happened! My mother is dead! I know she's dead! She stood right here by my side a few minutes ago! She smiled — put her hand on my forehead and said: 'Don't worry about me, Lou, I'm all right.' Then she vanished."

My wife was sitting bolt upright in bed. The light was on. She trembled violently as she sobbed: "It wasn't just a dream! She was here! I saw her, and I felt her cool hand on my forehead. She spoke softly as she always did. She had on her best black silk dress. She never wears that except on Sunday. I'm sure my mother is dead, or she wouldn't have come to me here tonight."

By now I was fully awake. "Listen, Lou," I said. "You've just had a bad dream, in which all you've just told me was 'real' to you. Think now! If your mother was dead, or ill, your sister would have phoned, and she hasn't. You haven't even had a letter from her saying your mother wasn't well as usual. So, you see, Lou, you are just upset from a terrible bad dream. Now, try to forget it, and get back to sleep."

The Telephone Call

I had just finished talking when our bedside phone rang. It was my wife's sister, in Winthrop,

Mass. (we lived in Yonkers, N.Y.), calling to say that their mother had just died. Apparently she had attended church that morning, as usual, and had helped to get their dinner. Later she went up to her room to lie down for a rest. Strangely, however, she still wore her "Sunday" black silk dress. When, in the evening, she failed to come downstairs one of them went up to see if she was all right. She was lying across her bed, fully clothed — dead.

They had summoned the doctor and discussed the situation, before phoning us. Further checking revealed that the hour of death was apparently about the same time my wife saw her mother at her bedside. Details of her dress were identical with those my wife described when she woke from her sleep.

My wife was the youngest of five children, and had been her mother's favorite. Did her mother, at death, thus appear at our bedside as my wife claims? What force bridged the miles between Massachusetts and New York to deliver this message?

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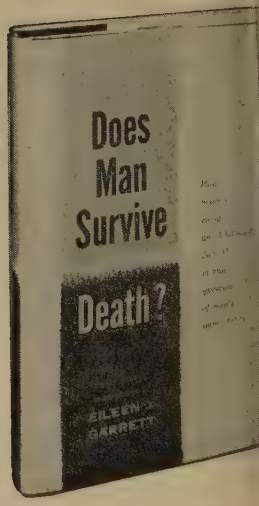

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FIREWALKERS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Wilmon Menard

MY interest in man's strange experiments in fiery tortures was aroused some years ago when the late Robert Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame, sponsored a fire-walking Hindu mystic by the name of Kuda Bux in a public demonstration. Bux strolled barefooted across two separate fire-pits in a parking lot at Rockefeller Center in New York City. It is a matter of official record that three cords of oak and five hundred pounds of charcoal burned for eight hours before Kuda Bux made the walk across the two separate ovens, whose temperature a pyrometer registered at 1,220° F. Attending physicians peered and smelled at the soles of the firewalker's feet, but found only one small burn, where a coal had stuck to his instep. But their nostrils detected no odor of burned flesh. I was one of the astounded spectators, and I was deeply impressed.

Just a short time ago, I was in Papeete, Tahiti, when word reached me that an *umuti* (fire-walk) was to be held on the island of Raiatea, one hundred and thirty-five miles away. I lost no time in booking passage on an inter-island trading schooner. But, for all my eagerness, I didn't realize then that I myself would take part in the ceremony.

A native friend took me at dawn to the valley where the

oven, heaped high with large rocks, was blazing. It was thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide and four feet deep. It had been burning for two days. The huge rocks, which were settling to the level of It was not unlike a scene from Dante's *Inferno.*

Now as I watched, holding my the ground, glowed bright red in the faint light of the South Pacific dawn. Now and then, between us and the oven, the coconut-oil smeared bodies of the Polynesian fire tenders passed briefly, as they raked out the last of the log cinders and leveled the hot rocks. hand in front of my face to shield it from the intense radiated heat from the *umu*, or oven, I thought of man's superstitious dread and awe of fire, coupled with his instinctive, practical usages, which have combined to produce so many fantastic fire ordeals. The American Indians, during certain rites, danced in the live coals of their campfires; devotees of the Sinsyu Shinto sect of Japan walk barefooted over glowing coals. In Hawaii in the early days, the priests and priestesses of the fire goddess Pele strode across the molten lava on the broad bosom of Kilauea Volcano. In some parts of Africa, new-born children are held briefly over a flame. In India cremation of the corpse is supposed to be the soul's only passport to life beyond death.

Homage and Rum

NOW the Firewalk of Polyn was to be performed bef my eyes. Chief Terii-Pao, young and hereditary firewal of Raiatea, had suddenly deci to call an *umuti,* primarily, course, to pay homage to the t great goddesses of ancient days Hina-nui-te'a'ara, the Goddess the Moon, and Te-Vahine-n tahu-ra'i (The-Great-Wom Who-Set-Fire-to-the-Sky) — also to earn a few francs w which to buy a bottle of rum a a few yards of calico cloth his woman.

As I watched, Terii-Pao stepp from his nearby coconut-pa temple, and several attendan similarly garbed in native *par* and sacred *ti*-leaves, followed. could feel the crackling excit ment that swept the clearing up his appearance. The laughte singing and loud talking cease instantly. All eyes were fixed up the handsome chief, a splendi figure standing at the head of h assistants. He turned, caught m eyes and smiled. Once we ha sailed aboard a trading schoon to the pearl-diving atoll of Ana in the Dangerous Archipelago; had given him a case of foo stuffs, and we were friends.

The many tourists who had vo aged on the inter-island schoon from Papeete surrounded Ter Pao and began a careful inspe

ion of his feet. He submitted ndulgently, grinning broadly at heir thorough examination. I saw ne of the tourists turn, walk to he edge of the fiery pit, and look ull into the center of the oven or a few seconds. With a groan e backed away as he clapped is hands over his face. I could ee that his neck and face were adly seared and tears streamed rom his glazed eyes. Another isitor, with the aid of a long tick, dropped a handkerchief pon the rocks and it turned al- most instantly to a gray powder. The oven was certainly hot! The ourists withdrew from Terii with affled expressions.

Chief Terii, his head held high nd his eyes uplifted to the opal- scent sky, walked toward the end f the oven, a branch of *ti*-leaves n his hand. There he stopped, triking the rocks three times with he *ti*-wand. He began to chant n Tahitian the ancient firewalk- ng prayer. I know the language, nd I listened closely.

These were the words:

"O Being who enchants the ven, let it die out for a while! O ark earthworms! O light earth- worms! Fresh water and salt wa- er, heat of the oven, darkening f the oven, hold up the footsteps f the walkers and fan the heat f the bed. O cold host, let us inger in the midst of the oven. O Vahine-nui-tahu-ra'i, hold the fan and let us go into the oven for a little while!"

Finally came Terii's loud and exultant shout of: *"O Vahine-nui-tahu-ra'i-e!* All is covered!"

The Firewalk

I SHALL never forget the great sigh and then the hush that followed the chief's first step upon the pit. He hesitated a moment as if to be sure that the stones would not shift under his weight, and then, with an almost hypnotic expression, he walked onto the glowing bed of rocks. The tourists gave a gasp of dismay; the natives sat stiffly, unmoving, as if mesmerized. I watched wonderingly. This was no sham. A human being was walking onto an oven of rocks sufficient to roast him! Terii crossed the pit and then turned and retraced his steps. Upon his return, his assistants formed in a straight line behind him. Again Terii struck the edge of the glowing rocks with his *ti*-wand; then he and his followers marched with firm steps across the *umu.*

I could see the heat waves rippling above their heads, but there was no odor of seared flesh, as one might expect. I stared fixedly until they had traversed the oven, expecting every second that one of them would leap with a scream of agony from the line. But each one passed safely. The last fire-

walker stepped from the oven, and Terii raised his *ti*-leaves, took his place at the head of the column, and led them back across the fiery expanse. This was repeated three times.

With the third crossing, Terii raised his *ti*-leaves and cried: "*Atira!* Enough!" Then, unexpectedly, he turned quickly and *crawled across the thirty-foot oven of rocks on his stomach!*

At the far side he stood up, grinned and beckoned to the tourists to make their inspection. One of them placed his palm to the soles of Terii's feet and then turned a baffled face to the others, crying: "They're not even warmed!" I also moved forward to examine his feet. They were not even marked by the crossing of the fiery furnace! The examination over, we withdrew, our amazement plain in our faces.

Terii then turned to the assembled natives and exhorted those who were afflicted with any physical or mental taints, who were in need of spiritual purification, or who wished to test their courage with fire, to walk behind him over the hot rocks. Passing close to me, he caught my eye again, grinned, and stopped. "Perhaps you would like to walk behind me across the *umu*. You have lived long in our islands and understand our customs and ceremonies. But if you are afraid, it would be dangerous to atte the firewalk."

It was his last remark that d pelled me to kick off my sneak remove my socks and cry: "*H outou!* Let's go!"

A loud chorus of "*Mai* Good!" rose from the native lookers. A comic among the t ists yelled: "You're going to sorry, chum!"

I stepped into the column walkers forming behind the c Now my bravado was on the I was experiencing the first sy toms of fright, and I cursed impulse that had made me ac Terii's invitation to walk be him over the *umu*. There was customary taut feeling in throat, and my stomach felt if it had suddenly been inva by crazed butterflies. My h started to pound violently; head ached, and I wanted badly to step out of line. I always had an uncommon fea fire, since the day in my childh when I fell into a burning fire. Now that memory was tensified. The stalwart *ta* (priest) behind me gave m light push. Terii had started ward the fire pit!

Walking the Coals

I clamped my teeth hard, haled deeply, and gave a b depth groan. Mechanical started to walk, and I felt no

ke a somnambulist proceeding ward a portentous fate. My legs lt numb and leaden; my heart as now thudding with jarring pact against my ribs. Then my ure feet touched something un- en and elevated. This is it, I ld myself; you'd better step out line before it's too late! Another m shove on my shoulders, and the next instant countless tiny lectric shocks pricked the bottom my feet.

It was not unlike the sudden bbing of the skin with sharp edles. Smothering heat waves himmered before my steadfast ze, compelling me at last to half ose my eyes. It was like the sud- en rush of heat that explodes om the widely flung doors of a ge blast furnace. The heat of e oven all but suffocated me. y lungs became filled with su- rheated air, and I felt I would llapse if I did not breathe pure ol air quickly. As if from a eat distance, through a long indswept tunnel, I heard the urmuring of the spectators. And I walked I felt that I must rely present an abject figure eading behind Terii, if my phys- al aspect matched my mental rest.

Then, suddenly, the tingling nsation on the bottom of my et ceased, and I knew that I had ossed the oven. I glanced down my feet. They were untouched! I had half-expected to see burn-blisters erupting between the toes, and the flesh bursting under intense roasting. Every pore of my body filtered rivulets of sweat, and I could see that Chief Terii's broad back was glistering with globules of body moisture. Terii abruptly lifted his wand of *ti*-leaves, a recognized signal that the last in line had passed over the *umu*, and now everyone was to right-about-face for the return transit. I knew that I could not undergo another walk upon the hot stones, so I stepped quickly out of line. Terii grinned and gave me an understanding slap on my shoulders. Then he led his followers back across the oven.

Quickly I was surrounded by the tourists, who lifted my feet and wiped away the dirt to search for burn marks. There were none! The natives shook my hand, and gave complimentary shouts of "*Maitai-roa!* Very good!"

Several white men have walked barefooted across the fiery ovens of Polynesia, among them Dr. William Craig and his brother, former British resident agents of the Cook Islands, and they made a safe crossing. Some, voicing flippant or skeptical remarks, were horribly burned during an *umuti*, necessitating hospitalization; others, believing in the strange ceremonies of the islands, have made the walk unscathed.

The reasons for the different experiences I cannot explain.

Some assayers of human immunity to fireburn have made interesting observations. A writer and traveler in Japan, John Hyde, noticed that the priests, before walking over their herb-strewn fire-pits, rubbed the soles of their feet with salt. He experimented similarly, and after a walk across an oven, he remarked: "My confidence was not misplaced. In my feet I felt only a sensation of gentle warmth, but my ankles, to which no salt was applied, were scorched."

Houdini Explains

SOME years ago, the astute magician and escape artist Harry Houdini, an avid debunker of performances of the so-called supernatural, blasted demonstrations of fire-eaters and firewalkers in his book *Miracle Mongers and Their Methods* (E. P. Dutton, 1920). He took particular exception to a "roasting alive" act performed by a young man garbed only in bathing trunks, inside a heated glass enclosure, a steak dangling from his arm. The idea was for the exhibitionist to remain inside the booth, exposed to a high register of heat, until the steak was thoroughly cooked. Houdini pointed out that the young man protected his hair with a bathing cap and had smeared clay over his eyebrows, so that the hair would retain the heat longer than cells. That, Houdini maintai with the tempering effect of creting perspiration, was the tion to this heat-torture act. H ever, the magician explained the man had stayed in the o heated enclosure beyond a cer period of time, his body wo have become dehydrated and rious heat prostration would h resulted. Precise timing was explanation of this trick, acc ing to Houdini.

Some debunkers of firewalk have suffered severe penalties just recently, in the case of William Spaeth of Hollywo California, who dabbles in fi rites in his stage shows. One his tricks was to walk over bu ing charcoal scattered over sandy bed. He decided to larger chunks of charcoal, but a rehearsal the performance ba fired, and Spaeth was hurried the Georgia Street Receiving H pital in an ambulance, suffer first and second degree burns. had to learn to walk on his ha for a while.

At a jungle shrine in Cey just a short time ago, a group local *sadhus* celebrated a rite Hindu holy men: walking b foot over a bed of glowing co This was good news to Rev. Robinson, a British Metho missionary, who decided to

junk the *sadhus*. He kicked off his sneakers, tore off his socks, and headed for the fire-pit. He stepped onto the coals and, before the holy men could stop him, marched the entire length alone. The doctor's verdict: horrible burns on the feet, which kept the Rev. Mr. Robinson from his missionary work for some weeks.

Heat in the Laboratory

A MORE sober experiment in heat and its effects on the human body was conducted recently at the University of California in Los Angeles. The study was supervised by Dr. Craig Taylor, physiologist and engineer, at the request of the United States government. It was not at all a consideration of pyrolatry, or worship of fire.

The government wanted to know one very important thing: was there a possibility that Army, Navy, and Marine jet pilots would be roasted alive in the friction-heated cockpits of their supersonic crafts? These jet planes need refrigeration systems to keep their cockpits comfortable and bearable. What would happen to a pilot if the cooling equipment failed as a runaway jet screamed through the sky? Would the pilot collapse at the controls? Would he succumb to heat prostration? Would he have to bail out in the stratosphere, or would he be literally baked alive in the cockpit? Could he stay at the controls, enduring the terrific heat, until he could slow the plane down?

This was a big order, but Professor Taylor was determined to find out what would happen to a human in a jet-plane in flight if the cooling system faulted. With the help of his assistants, he made a testing furnace out of a huge steel cylinder, and provided a strong fan to suck in dry air across an outside battery of white-hot electric grids. The first human guinea pigs remained in this hot-box until the heat passed the boiling point of water (212° F). These student volunteers in the heat experiment came out a little groggy and florid-faced, but quite "uncooked."

Professor Taylor reserved the final and decisive tests for himself. His hands, feet and neck were protected before he was wheeled into the cylinder, whose temperature upon entrance in this supreme experiment read 230° F. He remained in this overheated atmosphere for 15¼ minutes, as the heat climbed to 262° F. While he was in the cylinder, an egg fried on a metal frypan in front of him. His face became fiery red when the hot blasts of air hit it, and his nasal membranes contracted, but apart from these discomforts he experienced no physical or mental agony.

His answer was simple and to the point: The human body's resistance to heat is in its own cooling system, which nature has so thoughtfully provided — perspiration and mucous secretions. He proved that the moisture evaporating from the skin provides part of the body with a layer of cool air — just as a "desert waterbag" hanging on the outside of a car traveling through hot wasteland keeps the water cool from its own evaporation of moisture through porous canvas.

While inside the hotbox, Professor Taylor learned that at one time, when the register of heat was at 236° F, the air three-quarters of an inch from his nose was 226° F. The skin of the nose itself registered a safe 119.5° F — over 100 degrees cooler. Air drawn into the nostrils was cooled down to 100° F., which certainly could not injure the lungs. The general temperature of his body rose only a couple of degrees.

But what the Professor did emphasize as a danger to jet pilots in overheated cockpits was the raised temperature of the blood conveyed to the brain cells. This would give pilots of jet-planes the surest indication of approaching heat prostration should cooling equipment break down. He pointed out that man's fear of heat is chiefly a mental torture. Humans, no matter if they are pilots in friction-heated cockp of jet planes or unfortunate v tims trapped in burning buildin or ships, can overcome high reg ters of heat by rational, well-o ganized attitudes of self-prese vation. Fright or overexciteme can raise the temperature of t blood many degrees.

Men Against Desert

LATER, another test was mad to learn the effects of heat c the minds and bodies of GI infan try troops in desert fighting, wher the daytime temperature ave aged 116 degrees. An experimen tal station, comparable to hea and humidity conditions of othe deserts in the world, was set u at the Yuma Test Station in Ari zona, where stress and strain o the men under intolerable hea could be gauged on a treadmil which, housed in a hotbox, wa promptly labeled "The Idiot Box. Eighteen GIs were put in relay on the squirrel run, with the hea well above 116 degrees. After long session on this getting-no where hike, the GIs were take out and urged on a double-tim march, with and without pack and ordered to grub out fox-hole and perform experimental tactica problems. During this perio their pulses, weights and temper atures were taken regularly.

The findings were illuminating the body took from five days t

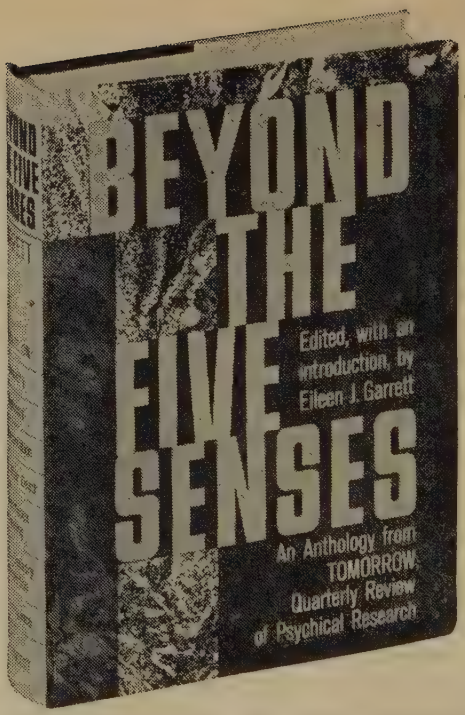
two weeks to adapt itself to the heat. During this time, the skin became accustomed to perspiring more advantageously, losing a minimum of salt; more blood circulated to the skin and thereby cooled itself; and the men learned to move slowly and retain energy. It was found, too, that a man subjected to this heat can sweat more than two quarts of water an hour, which is about forty-eight times more than the average loss in a temperate climate. It was recommended that infantry troops exposed to desert heat should drink as much water as they wanted, notwithstanding the old campaign concept of "water discipline," which permitted only a sore, maddening swallow. Also, salt tablets were abandoned in the Yuma test in preference to having a normal amount of salt with meals.

The GIs expended much of their body-heat upward to the open sky. They were cooler on the open desert than in a wash or in the bottom of a ravine, or even in their tents. The standard weight of the pack was too heavy for desert operations. The men became 24-carat moaners about their chow, refusing such popular items as greasy pork chops and oil-soaked, mayonnaise-smeared salads. Some demanded more fruit juices and light foods, and many lost their appetites altogether. Most of the GIs slept poorly during the constant heat, and became cranky, argumentative, complaining, and hard to handle.

Science Is Not Enough

THE firewalkers of Raiatea, Japan, Fiji, India and Africa have had no indoctrination as to the scientific principles of heat, and, therefore, it is quite understandable that they would look to a psychic or supernatural source to explain their safe walks across fire pits. Certainly, the *umuti* of Raiatea is a remarkable feat. You must bear in mind that hot rocks and not hot air come into contact with the flesh of the participants. I think Professor Taylor would have to admit that Chief Terii's ceremony is quite different from the study he conducted.

And I have to remind myself that no scientist has completely explained to my satisfaction how I crossed the fiery pit at Raiatea without so much as a blistered toe.



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A New York nurse, plagued and gifted with psychic abilities, is a source of irritation and wonder to relatives and friends

THE RELUCTANT PSYCHIC

Susy Smith

STUDENT Nurse Helen Phillips leaped out of bed at three o'clock in the morning. She had just dreamed that one of her patients was standing beside his bed in Dellview Hospital in a curiously transparent condition, looking down with an amazed expression at his own body.

Helen knew from previous experience that her dreams usually carried definite significance. She phoned the hospital and told the nurse in charge of Ward K: "Mr. Rogers...Bed 15...hurry, he just died."

The night nurse was more annoyed than startled. She had visited the ward shortly before. It had been as calm as a roomful of sick people can ever be. And she didn't appreciate an anonymous caller telling her how to run her business in the middle of the night.

But she walked down the corridor anyway, just to make sure. She came to Ward K...to Bed 15. The patient was dead.

Miss Phillips never told anyone that it was she who had phoned. In the days that followed, she listened quietly as excited hospital talk swirled around the mysterious night call reporting a patient's sudden death.

But how, in her sleep at home, had she been aware of what had happened at the hospital? She says that all her life she has received authentic information in inexplicable ways. And if she had her way, nobody would ever know about it.

Even though she has a gift shared by relatively few, Helen has never considered it a blessing. To her it has been a curse, for it sets her apart. Those who know of her apparently psychic talent look upon her as a curiosity. She dislikes the twitting, the skepticism, and the open-mouthed wonder which her gift so frequently arouses; yet frequently she feels obliged to reveal it. When the building porter complains of having lost his key, and Helen can plainly see a mental image of it, lodged under a certain chip in a wood pile, naturally she must tell him. And when subsequently the porter points her out as "the lady who found my key by seeing a picture of it inside her head," she feels thoroughly uncomfortable.

Once a young friend sadly reported the loss of her sorority pin, and Helen couldn't help telling her that it was hidden under a leaf in a yard ten blocks away. She herself went there, picked up the leaf...and there was the pin. But since then she's always wondered if her friend might not have thought she'd put the pin there in the first place, just as a trick.

The Lost Watch

AT other times, of course, Helen Phillips can be well satisfied with her exploits.

"Once when I lived in a nurses' home, I left my watch in the lavatory," she relates. "And when I remembered and went back for it an hour later, it was gone. There were dozens of girls who lived there, but I knew instinctively that none of them had taken it. I went straight to a room which was only used by the woman porter." Going to a dusty cupboard, Helen knelt down, reached to the back, and pulled out a shoe. "In the toe of it was my watch," she explains.

If it is difficult to understand why she feels anything so fortuitous could produce problems, Miss Phillips explains that it's because nobody but her mother has ever been in sympathy with her. But in her highly respected Virgina family tree there had been an aunt who was known throughout the countryside as a clairvoyant. Helen's mother early recognized similar characteristics in her youngest offspring. She observed in Helen, even before her second year, a tendency to poke the air with her fingers as she tried to caress the "pretty things" she saw about her.

At five, Helen became aware that others could not see many of the beauties she saw. So she learned not to talk about them for fear of being ridiculed. She recalls psychically "knowing" where her mother's lost thimble was hiding, but being afraid to say for fear her mother might

think she'd stolen it. As she grew older and became more aware of the oddness of her powers, she deliberately tried to conceal them. Yet her sisters always considered her "peculiar," and the three cousins with whom she chummed in her 'teens used to say of their pet secrets, "No use telling Helen! She knows it anyway..."

Helen says she wasn't particularly bright in school. But she managed to know most of the answers by being able to picture the textbook right in front of her.

"A Golden Light..."

THIS worked happily for her when she read "Hiawatha" for the first time at 3 P.M. one afternoon and recited the whole poem that night on stage before a gathering of 900. She wasn't frightened, because "I knew if I followed instructions I'd have help." And her instructions, received mentally from whom or what she did not know, were to take her glasses off, to keep her eyes fixed on the wall at the back of the auditorium, and not to get stage fright. As she puts it, "They showed me the pages of the book in a golden light and I just read the words."

This odd habit caused her trouble later when she was taking an extracurricular psychology course at Columbia University. On one occasion, the professor drew a diagram on the blackboard, gave the class five minutes to observe it, and then erased it. One week later, when the students went to the board to produce it from memory, the teacher refused to accept Helen's too-accurate drawing, assuming she must have made a copy to hide away and study. Actually, Helen now says, she could see the diagram on the blackboard as it had been originally, and she was merely tracing the lines with chalk.

Some years later when Miss Phillips taught nursing at Fordham University, she did not use notes, but recalled assignments—page and line of the text—by seeing the book mentally.

Asked how this works—when it works—she doesn't know. She is practically sure that it can't be called photographic memory, and it certainly isn't total recall. What she "gets" psychically is most frequently in the form of pictures, sometimes brilliantly colored and sometimes gray. Occasionally she feels as if someone were telling her the information. And sometimes she just seems to know a fact without having been at all aware of receiving it.

"Very often," Miss Phillips says, "I get an audible warning, sounding like a crack of static electricity, and then I know to look for a big square of light on which the picture is shown. But some-

times just yellow, red, or green lights appear."

All these sights and sounds seem to occur without her desire or her conscious cooperation, but she admits they've helped her out of many an awkward situation. They have gotten her into a few, too.

This sometimes happens when she predicts unpleasant events. The urge to read the cards may come upon her suddenly, as if some invisible person were standing beside her insisting that she pass on certain information, and when she gives a reading with this kind of encouragement she's very good at it. Even though what she says may not always be popular.

The Accurate Cards

ONE evening in the spring of 1957 she tucked her patient in for the night, walked out of the room where she was nursing on special duty, and saw a deck of cards on a desk in the hall. She picked them up on impulse and said to Nurse Randolph, who was sitting there, "Come on, I'll tell your fortune." They went into the lounge. Helen spread out the cards and said: "You are going to be involved with a toe. A friend of yours will be grief-stricken for a dear one very soon. And you're going to lose a small piece of metal from your watch which will cost four dollars to replace."

Mrs. Randolph wasn't particularly impressed with this reading, as who would be? What kind of fortune was that, without one single blonde king or dark jack or jealous queen? But about fifteen minutes later, when she asked an orderly to get something for her, he pulled a heavy drawer out too far and dropped it on his foot, mangling his big toe. The nurse rushed him to the accident ward and indeed was considerably "involved with a toe" for some time. Then, the next day, a friend's fiance was critically injured in a wreck, and Mrs. Randolph lost the stem of her watch. When the bill came to four dollars, she said, "That Phillips, I could kill her."

It's not surprising that this psychic is reluctant to read cards, if instead of getting her palm crossed with silver for her brilliant foresight, she is blamed for the things that happen.

Her curiosity aroused by the Randolph reading, a practical nurse named Jones came to Helen with the deck of cards, and the first thing Helen told her was: "You are going to have news from out of town that a friend has just had a baby with a club foot, and it will cost $45 to buy shoes for it." Miss Jones met a friend a few days later who told her this exact—and unusual—information.

Miss Phillips' powers don't depend upon a deck of cards, how-

ever. There's the time she met a nurse in the hall and said to her, "Get back to your room! Your patient is falling out of bed." The nurse hurried back, to find the man already on the floor. Helen hopes that her compulsion to make this sort of remark isn't talked about too freely. "For," she grumbles, "if the doctors knew I did anything like that, they'd laugh me right out of the hospital."

Materialism vs. Psi

HERE is a person whose entire philosophy is materialistic, based on her knowledge of medical science. Yet she illustrates, in her own experience, many concepts which most of the medical profession find difficult to accept. It is no wonder she wishes to remain anonymous, because her professional reputation is of great value to her. She has held responsible positions for many years, having been medical or obstetrical supervisor in several New York hospitals, nursing arts instructor, and charge nurse of floors countless times.

Now, at 62, she is doing special duty nursing, devoting her spare time at home to sewing, or reading an occasional escapist-type paperback book. She has never read anything on psychic research which might explain the unusual qualities she exhibits, and she has no interest in the reasons for or the exploration of her own psychic talents.

Miss Phillips has studied enough psychology to recognize that there are those who would claim her phenomena to be entirely subjective, coming from within her own subconscious mind. She doesn't accept that theory, however, for she firmly believes her psychic powers are connected in some way with spirit survival. She has never thought of herself as a medium, would not dream of consenting to sit for development of mediumship, and is always shy of mentioning her conviction of the presence of spirit entities. Yet she says she has been forced to her conclusion because of the deceased personalities who have shown themselves to her, and the information they've given her.

One night she was sure that she saw a friend who had died seven years before, who told her to go to the doctor for an immediate examination because she had a growth she didn't suspect. She followed instructions and had an operation which saved her life.

Then there is the experience already related...her knowledge that patient 15, Ward K, had just died in the hospital. But it is her story of "Uncle Henry" that most nearly stands scrutiny as an event of an evidential nature.

Helen's sister Mabel is a witness to the fact that once, when they were vacationing in Florida, Helen announced: "Uncle Henry's dead." Mabel replied, "Oh, Helen, stop your foolishness. If I had your imagination I'd write a book."

But Helen was by this time fascinated by a picture that seemed to her to be projected on the side wall of the room, showing her Uncle Henry re-enacting the scene of his accidental death. Walking across a field, he saw a big dark stranger carrying off one of his young sheep. He attacked the man, they struggled on an overhang of the river, and suddenly the piece of earth they were on dropped off into the water. The thief swam across the river with the sheep, but Uncle Henry was drowned.

Message for the Bereaved

AS she saw this picture, Helen became convinced that her uncle was showing her how his death had occurred so that she could tell his wife he hadn't killed himself deliberately and left her alone with numerous debts. Her sister Mabel thought it was all nonsense, until the hometown paper arrived a few days later . . . with the report that their Uncle Henry had taken his life by jumping into the river.

Helen was pleased when her uncle's wife and children accepted her version of the accident. She was also glad when inquiry revealed that a band of gypsies had been camped across the river on the day he died. Any kind of corroboration of her psychic capabilities, while not in the least necessary to her belief in them, makes them more acceptable to other people.

In fact, in discussing this with her, it seems obvious that Miss Phillips is beginning to feel her occasional opportunity to soften the blow of death for a friend is almost recompense enough for the trouble her psychic sense causes her. She has concluded that this talent has its values after all . . . and that if enough scientific investigation is brought to bear on the subject, the world may some day know that death is not final.

The author has supplied TOMORROW *with corroborative letters in support of incidents related in the foregoing article—The Editors*

William Roy, "fiendishly ingenious" fake medium, exploited the bereaved — until a British newspaper paid him to "tell all"

SEANCE ROOM SCOUNDREL

Maurice Barbanell

EARLIER this year, the sensationalist London Sunday Pictorial *displayed posters which read: "William Roy Exposed. The complete and final exposure of a cruel joker. Read 'Scoundrel at the Séance' in this week's Sunday Pictorial." The series of biographical articles by British ex-séance room medium William Roy caused anger and dismay on the part of those who had trusted Roy's apparently genuine phenomena. For years, he had "brought back" the voices of the dead to relatives and friends in séance rooms. Now he asserted, with apparent glee and self-castigation, that "by fiendishly ingenious means I deceived even trained investigators." Roy confessed that "of all men and women, the most helpless and defenseless are those crushed by grief," whose sentiments he had cruelly exploited and betrayed.*

The following report on Roy's activities was written by Maurice Barbanell, editor of Two Worlds, *weekly London journal specializing in spiritualism and other psychical phenomena. Mr. Barbanell had been on Roy's track for months and years before the fake medium*

decided to expose himself, publicly and profitably. In his article, Barbanell not only examines fraudulent mediumship, but also explores the psychological factors that seem to influence Roy and others like him to mix fraudulent and apparently genuine phenomena into shocking and bewildering psychical chaos.

IN thirty-seven years' experience with mediumship I have never met a bigger scoundrel, swindler, liar and rogue than William Roy, whose confessions about his fraudulent séances have now been read by millions. They appeared in the London *Sunday Pictorial,* which has a circulation of over five million. The intriguing question is, however, how much of what he has confessed is true?

Running through the whole series, which was printed for five consecutive weeks, was the motif of "how I fooled everybody," which revealed both a bragging exhibitionism and a vain desire to bring the whole house of spiritualism down with him. Doubtlessly he visualised himself as a Samson, but a comparison with Judas might be nearer the mark.

William George Holroyd Plowright, alias William Roy, was unknown as a medium until 1945, when he was 34 years old. Obscurity surrounds his psychic development. He was one of a trio originally holding joint séances, and said to be unfolding their powers for the direct voice, more or less simultaneously.

The other members were John Scammell and Ronald Edwin Cockersell, who later shortened his name by legal process to Ronald Edwin. All three have been exposed as fraudulent mediums. Edwin is in prison for housebreaking. "You are a skillful liar," said the magistrate before imposing a sentence of two years.

Scammell was fined the equivalent of $150.00 and $60.00 costs under the Fraudulent Mediums Act of 1951. Roy has so far escaped prosecution, because the police cannot act until complaints are lodged with them.

The Fraudulent Mediums Act became law, without a dissenting vote, after an intensive campaign by British spiritualists because their religious freedom was in peril. It repealed the Witchcraft Act of 1735, and substituted certain provisions in the Vagrancy Act of 1824, both of which had the effect of making mediumship illegal. The Fraudulent Mediums Act states:

"Any person who, with intent to deceive, purports to act as a spiritualist medium, or to exercise any powers of telepathy, clair-

voyance or other similar powers, or in purporting to act as a spiritualistic medium or to exercise such powers as aforesaid, uses any fraudulent device, shall be guilty of an offence."

It is essential, before a prosecution is initiated, that there should be evidence that the fraud was perpetrated for gain.

I have no records to prove that Roy, Edwin and Scammell were acting professionally in their early joint séances, but in 1945 they were launched in their respective careers.

Edwin, then known as Cockersell, of course, had already made his mark as a gifted clairvoyant both in public and in private. But his early attempts at giving voice séances were disastrous. He had agreed to electrical appliances being attached to his chair. These revealed that he had left it eighteen times during the séance, coinciding with the movements of the two trumpets.

Roy's Roguery

ROY had quite a good run for a few years. He boasts of having had 100,000 sitters and claims to have duped his victims to the tune of $150,000.00, though he says he has had to pay away thousands in "hush money" to avoid blackmail. The figure of 100,000 is a wild exaggeration, for it would involve having twenty sitters each day of the week and every week of the year. Inevitably, suspicions and complaints began to accumulate about the kind of information retailed as "evidence" at his private and public voice séances.

Roy's roguery involved the use of at least one confederate. The adage, that "when thieves fall out, honest men come into their own," was fulfilled when he and his leading accomplice quarrelled. The confederate confessed, much to Roy's discomfiture. Then he recanted and the two swindlers tried to concoct a story that they foolishly hoped would pass muster. The unmasking, however, as I shall reveal, was too damning. But there was a snag.

The group of spiritualists, when considering publication of the facts by the accomplice, were legally advised that they might lose if an action for libel was brought against them, seeing that their possible leading witness, the self-confessed confederate, had retracted. They decided against publication, especially as Roy had promised to leave the country and to abandon his mediumship. He did go to South Africa, but soon he was back in Britain—and back to his old tricks.

The story moves forward to 1955, when I had the clearest evidence that his séance swindling was being regularly practiced. I

decided that the time had come for a showdown.

In *Two Worlds* of August 13, 1955, I named him as one of four physical mediums who had been exposed in fraud. This was done as a warning to newcomers into spiritualism, especially those who were suffering the grief of bereavement. I wrote, "The situation is complicated by the fact that all, or some, of these four men had, or still have, some genuine psychic power."

Technically Libelous

BEFORE publishing the article I submitted it to our lawyer, who warned me that technically it was libelous and that we must expect one, or even four, writs for alleged libel. "It is our duty to protect the public," I insisted. "After all," I reminded him, "it was the Duke of Wellington who said, 'Publish and be damned'."

Roy telephoned me in feigned amazement and said he could explain everything that had been alleged against him. I asked him to come and see me, but of course he never came. Instead, his wife tried to "assault" me with a silly little riding crop, an exploit that propelled me into newspaper headlines with exaggerated accounts of an editor who had been publicly horsewhipped.

A writ for alleged libel followed. I could make no comments on Roy, while the law took its course, for two and a half years. Our legal defense was "justification," which meant that to win our case we would have to prove fraud.

Roy must have known that he stood no chance because he had seen details of our defense, especially the evidence of the witnesses who could describe how he had tricked them. Finally he dropped his lawsuit and gave an undertaking to pay our taxed costs, which I hope we will get, seeing that he has left Britain.

His withdrawal of the writ enabled me to break my silence and print, for the first time, in *Two Worlds* of February 22, 1958, details of his callous chicanery. My article was accompanied by a photograph of the electrical and other appliances Roy used as part of his séance roguery and which had been deposited in the safekeeping of Scotland Yard.

"For the Money. . ."

WHEN Roy's confederate confessed, he produced all these appliances to prove that he was telling the truth. He also handed over a box of card indexes, kept by Roy, with information on them relating to people who were regular sitters and those it was hoped would come. The accomplice explained in detail how from another room his voice was trans-

mitted by means of a microphone and midget loudspeaker concealed by Roy. The confederate made no bones about it. "I did it for the money," he said, adding that it had been a "lucrative racket."

To make his confession complete, he repeated the words he had spoken through this apparatus to a woman sitting with Roy who thought she was present at a genuine mediumistic performance. To show his intimacy with Roy, the accomplice brought personal letters and documents belonging to Roy which covered a long period. For part of their association he had signed letters as Roy's secretary and made appointments for séances.

The confederate explained in detail their usual method of faking. Visitors were required to leave handbags, overcoats and other personal belongings outside the séance room. It was his job to scrutinize letters, bills, receipts and other documents. After collecting this information, he conveyed it through a small earphone to Roy in the séance room. A clever feature of their roguery was a completely silent telescopic rod which enabled a midget loudspeaker and trumpet to be extended towards any sitter.

The day after this account appeared in *Two Worlds*, the editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* telephoned me to ask for my help in giving this exposure the widest possible publicity. When a *Pictorial* reporter interviewed Roy, he first denied that he was a séance trickster. Then he admitted to some faking, finally offering his signed confessions if he would be paid.

Puzzling Contradictions

ONLY trained psychologists might explain the strange workings of Roy's mind. After he instituted proceedings against me, he had no difficulty in swearing before a commissioner of oaths, Britain's equivalent to a notary public, a declaration that he had never acted as other than a genuine medium. Yet on the same day that he was admitting his séance frauds to the *Pictorial* reporter, he was denying to representatives of other Sunday newspapers that he had ever faked!

Indeed, his first confession of fraud appeared on the same Sunday in the *Pictorial* when two other newspapers were publishing his denials of trickery!

Naturally the *Sunday Pictorial* editorial staff checked, as far as they could, the statements made by Roy in his confessions, but some of them could not be confirmed. Roy, however, finally admitted the use of electrical appliances and the card indexes. Moreover, he said, he had "minutely documented" information

about regular sitters. For newcomers who were given dates for séances weeks ahead, he conducted research on them by examining voters' lists, wills, certificates of births, marriages and deaths.

To what extent, however, has he confessed? Was Roy lying or telling the truth when he said, for example, that he invented all his spirit guides? One of them was drawn by Frank Leah, an excellent psychic artist who, for over thirty years, has given evidence of his combined powers of clairvoyance and draftsmanship.

This drawing was done for a woman, a stranger to Leah, who was then unknown to him, attending Roy's séances. About that time, Leah was invited to visit a séance by Roy at which three other people were present. Leah was addressed by one claiming to be the guide he had drawn. Speaking through Roy, he told the artist that he had invited him to be present for a special reason. He wanted to warn Leah that his medium was a trickster who preferred to work on his own as a fraudulent medium.

If Roy simulated this whole performance, it just does not make sense. Yet nowhere in his confessions is there a suggestion that he ever had genuine mediumship.

It was obviously the lure of easy money that started Roy on the road to roguery. Because of the dearth of physical mediumship in Britain there was always a clamorous throng for his séances. Even the suicide of his second wife, who knew about his trickery, did not halt him in his career of swindling.

What Made Him Tick?

HIS confessions prove that he is the possessor of an inferiority complex, which he disguises by assuming an air of superiority and vaunting how clever he was to have cheated everybody.

There is a similar strain to be found in Ronald Edwin, who must have been born with many miniature chips on his shoulders. He tried to hide his inferiority complex by assuming a cockiness that earned him the nickname of "Cocky Cockersell."

Because of his brilliant clairvoyance, many leading spiritualists tried to help him. He would always bite the hand that fed him. After I had received remarkable evidence from him, which came spontaneously and unexpectedly, I, too, tried to help him. But I had to abandon the effort when I discovered he was foolishly and erroneously bragging, "I've got Maurice Barbanell in my pocket."

His constant rudeness — this, again, was evidence of the inferiority complex — whittled away

his public engagements. Nevertheless financial support was forthcoming when he launched his own monthly magazine and founded his own psychic society, but both had short-lived existences. His public "voice séances" produced frequent interruptions and protests from the audience. Edwin, however, was determined to "show 'em." He organized what was intended to be his biggest-ever demonstration at London's famous Albert Hall. It was a dreadful fiasco.

Having antagonized everybody in spiritualism, he announced that he had become an anti-spiritualist. Henceforth he was not a medium but an "extra-sensory perceptionist." The name Cockersell was abandoned for Ronald Edwin.

Still more chances came his way because of his brilliant but now erratic psychic powers. He appeared on radio and television. He was taken up for experiments by a prominent Sunday newspaper. A publishing house provided financial backing for him to edit a new monthly magazine, *Extra-sensory Perception.* It had a speedy death.

He was commissioned to write his autobiography, *Clock Without Hands* [*see review following this article*]. Much of the writing was "ghosted." The book was thus a strange phenomenon, a psychic having his own ghost!

Chance to Retaliate

THIS autobiography gave him, he thought, a chance to retaliate, to hit back at the spiritualists who would have nothing to do with him. He confessed to faking voice séances, omitting to mention that he had already been found out.

He is such a psychological puzzle that when the cameraman, who had photographed all his séances, produced the pictures and asked him to say which were genuine and which were fraudulent, he shouted in almost a frenzy, "How do I know?"

His moods alternated from long silences to almost hysterical ranting. As fast as he made new friends in the world outside spiritualism he alienated them. He could easily have written a book on "How not to win friends or influence people."

Soon Edwin fell on hard times. His luck had run out. He had to work for a living, something that he found distasteful. In turn, he was a ladies' hairdresser, a steward on board ship and a door-to-door canvasser selling books. He could have been one of the greatest psychic exponents of the age. Instead, he now languishes in prison, after stealing property worth $4,000.00.

The pattern is clear; the moral is plain. Possession of psychic gifts is independent of character,

mental or spiritual attainment. It is a gift, like the ability to paint, sing, act or write poetry. Its owner is a sensitive who, unless he has strength of character, is tempted into paths that bring about his downfall. It is only when psychic gifts are combined with integrity of character that you have greatness in mediumship.

Boisterous Autobiography

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS. By Ronald Edwin. New York: Wehman Brothers, Publishers. 1955. 162 pp. $2.50

THIS boisterous autobiography of a former British medium who confesses to fraud and fakery gives a vivid illustration of a man who was attracted to the dim fringes of spiritualism by the promise of notoriety and money. As in the case of William Roy, Ronald Edwin proved too unstable for the environment of the British spiritualist movement.

As a child, Edwin confesses, "I felt from the first that I was unwanted." His father went to prison for "taking up music," that is —for stealing pianos. Ronald Edwin became a sleepwalker and "became conscious" of extra-sensory perception; day dreams gave him a "feeling of certainty and exhilaration."

In order to "be somebody," Edwin began his "long trek down the tortuous and often deceitful ways of spiritualism." He joined a spiritualist church and began to frequent spiritualistic circles. He displayed certain, apparently genuine, clairvoyant faculties. When he added fraud to these fleeting and inexplicable flashes of insight, Edwin observed that "the spiritualist movement, from its lunatic fringe to its high-minded, dedicated core, is riddled with stupidity, chicanery and fraud." He adds that "the basic misconceptions and credulity of orthodox spiritualists not only create a situation which makes some fraud inevitable but tempt all but the strongest and most balanced characters to cheat."

Edwin is careful to point out, after detailing his own séance room frauds, that "a little truth" appeared to remain, even after deducting the stage-managed fakery. After organizing a "Society of the Ankh," which served as the forum for his activities, Edwin went to South Africa and Canada —with a side trip to New York— and then back to England for work as a sort of itinerant clair-

voyant. The book's concluding chapters are devoted to an analysis of what the author calls "E.S.P." He uses these initials to cover a wide range of rather personalized clairvoyance. Edwin claims to have "predicted wars, saved lives and predicted history." He closes with attempts to define clairvoyant faculties.

On the whole, although dappled with spots of carefully-placed humility, the book is self-exploiting, opportunistic and rather depressing. Still, one would have wished the befuddled and bedeviled author a bit more good luck, after his mixed encounter with spiritualism, than his recent career has provided. *M.E.*

Diabolic Vision

THE EVIL EYE. By Edward S. Gifford, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1958. 216 pp.

DR. Edward S. Gifford, Jr., is an ophthalmologist at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia by day, but by night he is fascinated by the folklore of vision. He is also a raconteur who deserves attention.

The Evil Eye contains several informative and often amusing stories of man's fear of diabolic evil throughout the centuries. This terror is perhaps as old as man himself. Ancient Greek, Sumerian and Christian tablets contain frequent reference to charms and incantations that were considered necessary to protect man from the magical spells that could be invoked by the glance of gods, goddesses or an enemy. Those who assume that our civilization has banished the belief in such magic, should remember that the Labor Rackets Investigation Committee recently discovered in New York that the evil eye had been used to keep dissatisfied employees on the job.

Superstitions regarding the power of the eye may be set aside as mere curiosities, but none will deny the power of the emotions conveyed by the eyes themselves. Poets and romantic writers of every age have reminded us of this power, and we may not forget that when our first parents looked upon their nakedness, the revealed knowledge brought about the fall from grace.

While there is a wealth of legend amusingly presented, the book contains a great deal of illuminating and keenly observed material from early records and from modern literature. The author has the rare gift of making his material unusually readable. *E.J.G.*

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PERILS OF MEDIUMSHIP

Two Book Reviews by C. J. Ducasse

NOTHING SO STRANGE. By Arthur Ford in collaboration with Margueritte Harmon Bro. New York: Harper Brothers. 1958; pp. 246; $3.75.

THIS book is an autobiography of Arthur Ford, one of the most widely known contemporary American trance mediums. He was born in Florida in the later 1890's, the original family name, Fordeaux, having been shortened when the French ancestor who bore it came to the United States. Ford's father was a non church-going Episcopalian, and his mother a Baptist. He was christened an Episcopalian, became a Baptist at the age of 12 and, at 17—his religious views having by then become liberal—he joined the Disciples of Christ, at whose Transylvania College he studied for some time. He was eventually ordained in that denomination; was for two years minister of a church in Barbourville, Ky.; and then was induced to enter the lecture field, lecturing on psychical matters to various groups.

Ford's first paranormal experience was a dream he had while a second lieutenant at Camp Grant during World War I. In this dream, he "saw"—as it turned out correctly—the roster of the names of the men who had died of influenza during the night. Recurrent similar correct precogni-

tive dreams made him curious about psychical matters, and he decided to cultivate his psychic powers. A time came when, during a seance, he went into trance. Through his organs of expression, a personality manifested itself purporting to be the discarnate spirit of Fletcher, a Catholic friend of his boyhood days in Florida. Ford subsequently learned that this Fletcher had indeed died when and as the trance personality had stated. Since 1924, Ford's regular "control" has been Fletcher.

While in trance, Ford is unaware of Fletcher's utterances. He learns what they were only afterwards, from records or accounts of their contents. Fletcher has apparently convinced a great many persons that he is what he purports to be—a discarnate spirit in tune with Ford's organism, who acts as intermediary between Ford's clients and the discarnate spirits of their deceased relatives or friends. Anyway, Fletcher's knowledge of recondite details of the earth life of these is such as would seem obtainable only in some paranormal manner.

Ford gives interesting details—which mediums unfortunately supply too seldom—concerning the psychological process by which he induces the trance. His account of it is supplemented by one "from the other side," by a communicator who identified herself as the Joan of Stewart Edward White's *Darby and Joan.*

In his career as a medium and lecturer, Ford has visited England, Germany, India, Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii; and has made the acquaintance of, and impressed, many of the eminent persons who have interested themselves in the phenomena of mediumship — Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sherwood Eddy, Prof. William McDougall, Upton Sinclair, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and others.

An interesting chapter of the book gives a detailed account of Fletcher's successful communication to Mrs. Houdini of the message, known only to herself and to Houdini, which Houdini had said he would attempt to send her if he survived after death.

Personal Trials and Triumphs

IN 1930 Ford was seriously injured in an automobile accident and, during his weeks in the hospital, morphine was given him to allay the pain. When released, he found himself a morphine addict. Breaking the addiction was a painful and difficult process, which left him very tense. In order to ease the tenseness, a physician administered alcohol, which Ford until then had not used. He then became gradually an alcoholic, and managed to es-

cape from this only with the aid of Alcoholics Anonymous. Their devoted service, together with the memory of a vision he had had some time before, of a Hall of Judgment where a record of the good and evil done by each person was kept, brought him a new concept of high mission in the exercise of his psychic powers.

Interesting accounts are given in the book of the persons who come for seances, and of the personalities—some of them purportedly discarnate scientists, artists, psychiatrists or lawyers whose professional advice Fletcher sometimes conveys. In the last few chapters, the chief kinds of paranormal phenomena are reviewed; methods—familiar to students of yoga—are given for the expansion of consciousness; the varieties of prayer and their relation to belief are discussed; and the attitude of the majority of clergymen towards mediumship is commented upon.

The present reviewer is scientifically open-minded on the subject of paranormal phenomena and of mediumistic communications. But he has not had opportunity to sample personally those of Mr. Ford. And the communications he has had through other mediums have, to put it mildly, been for the most part vastly less impressive than those the book relates. Evaluation of the latter is made particularly difficult, of course, by the fact that although the account of them in the book appears high-minded and sincere, yet it is after all a professional medium's own account of the successes of his own mediumship. Hence the only judgment the reviewer will venture to formulate in closing is that the book is well-written, readable, and much of it very interesting indeed.

LES GRANDS MEDIUMS. By Robert Amadou. Paris: Editions Denoel. 1957, pp. 259.

THE author states (pp. 16, 17) that he will use the term "mediums" to mean "individuals gifted for the production of paranormal physical phenomena"; and that, by "great" mediums, whether genuine or spurious, he will mean "individuals who have enjoyed personal notoriety, who have been subjected to controls whether efficacious or not," and whose names are remembered because associated with the idea of extraordinary physical mediumship.

The great mediums whose records the book discusses are Angélique Cottin, Margaret and Kate Fox, D. D. Home, Florence Cook, Stainton Moses, H. P. Blavatsky, Kathleen Goligher, Eusapia Palladino, Marthe Béraud, Ladislas Laszlo, Pasquale Erto, Ejner Nielsen, Stella C., Margery, Stanislawa P., Franek Kluski, Jean

Guzik, and Willy and Rudi Schneider.

The author contends that in the case of none of them were the controls employed, the competence and/or good faith of the observers or recorders, and the conditions of observation, such as to provide scientific proof that any paranormal physical phenomena really occurred.

The last part of the book discusses fraud, conscious and unconscious; illusions of perception; the conclusions which the author regards as warranted by his examination of the records of the mediums named above; and the course he thinks scientific study of physical mediumship should take henceforth.

The book evidences the author's extensive acquaintance with the documents of the subject it examines and is decidedly worth reading by persons inclined to accept too easily reports of paranormal physical phenomena. But it should, also decidedly, be read with a wary eye. For, besides its merits, it has also the grave defect that the method it actually employs is hardly itself an example of the unemotionally impartial, strictly objective, rigorously scientific method it advocates and ascribes to its hero, "the parapsychologist."

The characteristics with which its pages endow respectively "the parapsychologist," "the prestidigitator," "the metapsychists," and "the spiritualists," seem dictated at least as much by the parts the argument of the book desires them respectively to play, as by the total facts about the actual persons on whom the author pins those labels.

Again, the abandon with which the author applies the epithet, "naïve," to the witnesses whose testimony he wishes to discredit quite ignores the fact that, besides naïve credulity, there is also such a thing as naïve incredulity—the incredulity of the rustic who, seeing for the first time a giraffe, declares: "There ain't no such animal!"

Again, the author's eagerness to discredit "the metapsychists" hurries him into sneering at Richet for having praised Ochorowicz's "fine" observations of the phenomena of Stanislawa P., a medium later detected in fraud—an ill-advised sneer since the observations by Ochorowicz Richet praises were *not* of Stanislawa P. (investigated by Lebedinski and others from 1911 on), but of an altogether different medium, Stanislawa Tomczyk (observed by Ochorowicz in 1908-9).

Prestidigitating Author

THE wary reader will note also at various places in the book a procedure which, even if not intentional, is analogous in effect

to that of the prestidigitator who engages the spectator's attention with something unimportant, thereby keeping it from what is essential. This procedure is perhaps most patent in the book's account of Crookes' observations of D. D. Home's phenomena. Much is made, for instance, of the fact that Crookes did not search Home thoroughly; but no mention occurs at all of—among other facts reported by Crookes to which incomplete search would have no relevance—the fact that once, in his own house, Crookes saw Home rise 18 inches off the ground and then passed his hands under Home's feet, round him, and over his head when he was in the air. This levitation, in these circumstances, as well as several other levitations in which Crookes reports that his hands verified the testimony of his eyes, could hardly have been caused by prestidigitators' gadgets concealed by Home in his ears, or even in his underwear.

As regards Crookes' observations of Home with the accordion, the account in the book not only omits mention of some of Crookes' most significant and categorical testimony, but also is erroneous in part as well as internally inconsistent: It erroneously describes the cage in which the accordion played as "an iron cage," whereas Crookes minutely describes it as made of wooden hoops and narrow laths around which were wound 50 yards of insulated copper wire tied to the frame with strings. And the book—inconsistently with its own mention of Crookes' report of an occasion when the accordion moved and played while no one was touching it—asserts that "the action exerted by Home on the balance or on the accordion occurred only when the medium was, in some manner, in physical contact with the objects" (p.41).

A valuable section of the book is that in which the author depicts realistically the variety of psychological pressures for fraud—conscious or unconscious—to which even a medium who has some genuine paranormal capacities is subjected.

Valuable too, but regrettably not supplied, would have been an equally realistic account of the psychological pressure to intellectual dishonesty which fear of compromising their professional standing puts on members of scientific commissions investigating a medium. This fear is a powerful motive for them to jump to an adverse or at least to a Scotch verdict even when they have witnessed things they are at a loss to explain, and yet have nothing more on which to base an allegation of fraud than the suspicions they brought along with them. In those cir-

cumstances, the temptation to disingenuousness and cowardice to which a scientist is subjected is even greater than is the temptation of a medium to cheat; for the scientist has much more at stake: He knows that an adverse verdict, which is what his professional colleagues desire and expect of him, will win him their applause; whereas a favorable one would damn him in the eyes of most of them. And run-of-the-mill scientists are not moral heroes any more than are run-of-the-mill mediums.

If, contrary to what the book asserts, great mediums still exist today, reluctance on their part to bring themselves to the attention of scientists would not be hard to understand.

Understanding the Aura

MAN INCARNATE. By Phoebe D. Bendit (Phoebe Payne) and Laurence J. Bendit. London: The Theosophical Publishing House. 1957. 128 pp.

DR. Laurence Bendit (a psychiatrist) and his wife (a sensitive) have written separately and together several excellent books on psychical research. Mrs. Bendit published in the late 1930s a book called *Man's Latent Powers*, one of the clearest and most sensible accounts of clairvoyance ever written. A jointly written book, *The Psychic Sense*, outlined the authors' views on the mechanism of clairvoyance.

The present book carries these studies somewhat further and includes clairvoyant observations of human beings at different stages of physical and mental development, from conception to death.

The authors' description of the human aura (as seen by Mrs. Bendit) forms an important part of the book. They include observations of changes in the aura during different physical and mental diseases. The word "aura" refers to certain emanations (if I may use this word without making an assumption) surrounding the human body which many sensitives have previously described. The "visible" aura is a manifestation of the "double," or "etheric body." No one can be entirely sure exactly what the aura is—and the authors do not claim to be. On the contrary, they write with humility and considerable tentativeness.

The general description of the aura offered in *Man Incarnate* does not differ from that of most earlier descriptions, with a number of which I am familiar. How-

ver, this book does include two eatures not usually found in arlier descriptions. First, the uthors provide what we may call n anatomy of the aura in much reater detail than that offered y most previous works of the ind. And second, they have at-empted to correlate data of clair-oyant observation with those of rdinary sensory observation and he medical sciences of embryolo-y, physiology, pathology and sychiatry.

he Artist and the Sensitive

THE statements of the authors will not receive immediate nd widespread confirmation be-ause not more than a handful f people can make detailed ob-ervations of the kind possible or Mrs. Bendit. In considering ifted sensitives, as with gifted rtists and musicians, we must till often set aside the scientific riterion of repeatability. How-ever, this book can make other im-portant contributions to psychical esearch. Those who accept the eality of the psychic world may ind here useful information to uide their integration of the psy-hic world with the physical vorld. To use the title from an-ther of the Bendits' books, it elps us to tie together "This World and That." The psychia-rist open-minded enough to re-eive new insights from psychical research can find both interesting and helpful the clairvoyant observations of persons mentally ill.

The study of the etheric body may clarify some outstanding puzzles of psychosomatic relationships. For example, in hypnosis and in certain states of emotional excitement, the mind has a greatly heightened capacity to modify the physical tissues, a capacity which seems to transcend anatomical limitations of the physical body. It is as if the imagination could directly mold the tissues. The concept of the etheric body, which is acutely expressive of the imagination and yet connected with all physical tissues, may ultimately help us understand such phenomena.

This book may also stimulate new interest in efforts to understand, study and record the human aura. The authors claim that clairvoyant observation of the human aura can frequently disclose early signs of serious physical illnesses (such as cancers) before these have made any appearance at the physical level. This is a startling claim, to say the least. But perhaps we should be startled not into denying the authors' claims, but into seeing if we can verify them. If this proves possible, then their little book may find a place as one of the earliest and best textbooks on the subject of the human aura. *Ian Stevenson*

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THE ARROGANCE OF SCIENCE

Allan Ango

MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE: A STUDY OF THE LIMITATIONS OF THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD. By John Rowland. New York: The Philosophical Library. 1957. 214 pp. $6.00

THE TAO OF SCIENCE: AN ESSAY ON WESTERN KNOWLEDGE AND EASTERN WISDOM. By R. G. H. Siu. New York: John Wiley and Sons, Inc. 1958. 180 pp. $4.25.

THE FOURTH WAY: BASED ON THE TEACHING OF I. GURDJIEFF. By P. D. O pensky. New York: Alfred Knopf, Inc. 1957. 447 pp. $6.

PSYCHOLOGY AND REL GION: WEST AND EAS Volume II of The Collec Works of C. G. Jung. N York: Pantheon Books, I 1958. 699 pp. $6.00.

MYSTICISM EAST AND WES By Rudolph Otto. New Yo Meridian Books, Inc. 19 262 pp. $1.35. paper.

SCIENCE-WORSHIP was never more passionate than it is today. Once a despised and degraded distant relative of alchemy, magic and sorcery, science h now emerged the unquestion monarch of modern educati With few exceptions, the

jected or the entrenched leaders the greatest masses of men erywhere, in all fields, point to ience and yet more science as e great force that will enable ations to grow great or remain ee or dominant in a hostile orld.

This worship of science is not new phenomenon. It antedates many years recent proof that nce backward nations could in relatively short time master the les of science and apply them st as ingeniously as the more phisticated nations that had therto regarded the meticulous chniques of modern science as eir impregnable domain. Cenries ago, science humbly began e long and often heartbreaking ttle against superstition and igorance, but as it achieved its evitable victories. it insensibly ust away the humility and openindedness from which it derived s early strength. The result toay is that science is all too often n arrogant and intractable and ightening dictator of human ought.

Now and then one hears that ere are areas of the human mind nd human relations that science nnot fathom, but those voices e frequently shouted down by en well-meaning but misguided evotees who feel that science can o no wrong and that today only ience can make men free. There can be little question this is the prevailing and sometimes frenzied attitude of a very large proportion of educators in the United States today.

Voices of Protest

FORTUNATELY, however, the voices protesting this disturbing development are growing stronger, and it is good they insist on being heard when the national temper would at first glance make it appear futile to reconsider the role of science. It is particularly encouraging to hear a scientist such as Dr. R. G. H. Siu cry out against the vaunted efficacy of the scientific method in areas where it is clearly ineffective. Siu is a chemist who obtained his doctorate at the California Institute of Technology and now serves as Technical Director for the United States Army Quartermaster Corps.

In *The Tao of Science*, he discusses the inter-relationship between science and organized research in the United States.

Both of these, he grants, have given the nation an intricate and enviable industrial structure and a standard of living unprecedented in world history. But the underlying philosophy of it all has been one of *doing*, of action always, even if only for the sake of sheer action.

William James and John Dewey, among others, saw the weak-

ness of mere *doing* and attempted to explain it and to place it, in proper proportion, into a more balanced way of living. They not only did not succeed, but set the stage, philosophically, for even more furious triumphs of the cult of action. And, adds Dr. Siu, why should it have been otherwise? The dominant philosophic minds of America have been *doing* minds, as they still are, and as such are inevitably integral parts of our system of action for action's sake. But it might have been different—and it well may be different in the future if we take heed—had we invoked the "reflective tradition" of the Orient in our studies of American ways of living and working.

Dr. Siu was born in Hawaii of Chinese parents and studied Mencius and the other Chinese classics as a young man. At the same time he was learning Western scientific methods and, in the best American tradition, achieved success and status as a Western executive who utilized these methods in his daily work most effectively. But this success brought with it troubled days, those days of crisis so familiar to such executives, and in these recurring crises, he reveals, the old Oriental studies of his youth would come back to rescue him.

At first it seemed that the ancient classics of the East were utterly incompatible with the ways of Western science, and he could not see how unity between the two could be achieved. But the possibility of this unity kept reasserting itself; in this book he makes a good case for injecting what he calls "Oriental diffusive steadiness into the pointed fast-moving technism of the modern West."

Dr. Siu is quite critical of the sometimes baleful influence of science, but he repeatedly emphasizes its unquestioned victories. He also proves quite conclusively that science is not the great cause of bloodshed and destruction in the world today, nor has it been the force behind the sadism and cruelty of the past. After all, Genghis Khan and the Thirty Years War and a multitude of other terrors flourished without benefit of science.

However, science is destructive in other ways. It often destroys the intuitive instinct because of its blind reliance an causality, or cause and effect, as the unshakable basis of scientific method and despite the fact that David Hume has never been disproved in his conclusion that there is no connection between cause and effect. Dr. Siu continues that until Hume is disproved, scientific method must be regarded solely "as a workable expedient far removed from logical infallibility."

aoist Philosophy

THE Oriental has always distrusted the logic so beloved f the West. This skepticism has een relatively rare here, but imortant figures have from time time reminded us of it. An merican President, John Quincy dams, once wrote Chief Justice ohn Marshall that logic was artcial, for use in courtrooms only nd nowhere else. In more recent mes a great American jurist, Jusce Benjamin Cardozo of the nited States Supreme Court, has aid that a judge must beware of ogic and must rely upon his "intinctive sense." And the painter ezanne cared little for the vauntd logic of science, pointing out hat for him as an artist there was special logic of colors, distinct rom other logic, and color logic s what he was most concerned vith.

But there are limits to both ogical and intuitive knowledge, ays Dr. Siu. "Our faltering mind nust then seek repose and cure n what it cannot know," and it s here that he introduces the conept of "no-knowledge," or "sagenowledge," which he describes s that state in which man beomes part of nature, participates n its mysteries, paints a forest "as t would appear to the trees themelves."

This is of course the familiar aoist philosophy which Westerners still find difficult to grasp. But Dr. Siu restates it in a manner that should impress many so-called practical men who have up to now found Taoism incomprehensible.

John Rowland, an Englishman who has written popular books on the atom, on criminology, and on such scientific pioneers as George Stephenson and Ernest Rutherford, acknowledges also in his *Mysteries of Science* the contributions of science to modern living, or, more correctly, the comforts of modern living, since he suggests that science has provided us with gadgets chiefly, and with speed.

Even when it has provided us with benefits like penicillin and other boons to humanity, it has not provided answers to ultimate questions or given man the beginnings of a workable philosophy of living. Like Dr. Siu, he believes there are obviously great problems, too deep, too mysterious for science, but that scientists rarely grant this.

It is Rowland's belief "that there is a mystery in the very heart of creation, a mystery inherent in the way in which the world is made, and that this mystery will not wholly be destroyed by any kind of materialistic investigation."

He then proceeds to discuss the achievements of and the mysteries

remaining in physics, biology, psychology, and sociology, pointing out persuasively how in each area allegedly absolute fact and knowledge have repeatedly had to yield to new facts, new discoveries, new truths which have antiquated the once seemingly incontrovertible. Always there have remained, as there must, he believes, unsolved mysteries.

"The Unclassifiable"

DESPITE the impressive evidence that science is fallible and sometimes impotent, it just is not prudent to champion skepticism and open-mindedness toward it. Indeed, there is an implication in Rowland's book that in science, as in advertising, as in great and comfortable corporations, as in other organizations so familiar in our society, where there is comfort, ease, a euphoria that turns from involved intellectual effort, it is wise to be an organization man, a conformist.

In science too there are great and comfortable professional organizations within which it just isn't respectable to suggest that some mysteries be investigated. Witness the struggle of Dr. J. B. Rhine and his Duke University co-workers in this country. Is it prudent for the high-ranking members—or the new and obscure members, for that matter—of our long established professional societies to suggest thorough-going investigations of precognition, of survival, of water-dowsing, of mysticism, telepathy, of other phenomena which certainly merit a hearing and, in some cases, the most careful attention of the best scientific minds in the country?

The fact is, Rowland points out in a chapter headed "The Unclassifiable," where he groups these unorthodox phenomena, science for the most part shuns these areas in which some of the most exciting ventures into human experience are taking place. Ironically, in the end there may well be sound and conventional scientific explanation for such phenomena as telepathy and clairvoyance.

Rowland doesn't offer the refined and reflective ways of Taoism for the abuses of science, but he appeals for tolerance and flexibility of opinion and a humility and considerateness for the new and unconventional which many Americans will recognize as an attitude which has deep roots in American tradition. Do not, he pleads, have faith only in things that can be weighed, measured and counted, but look also to intangible values, to goodness, to beauty, to the unmeasurable things in Beethoven and Shakespeare and Mozart and Albert Schweitzer.

In contrast to these good but perhaps naïve exhortations of man

isturbed by a world caught by lind faith in material achievement, are the difficult and involved and yet impressive—or at least arresting—exhortations and iscourses of G. I. Gurdjieff as ecorded and edited by his greatst disciple, P. D. Ouspensky, in *he Fourth Way*. The achievements of science and materialism re striking, says Ouspensky, but hey are surface achievements evertheless. "Behind the surface f the life which we know," he ays, "lies something much bigger nd more important . . . Until we now more about what lies beind, all our knowledge of life nd of ourselves is really negible."

he How-To of Mysticism

ACCORDING to Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, there have hitherto been three ways in which man an change himself: (1) the way f the fakir, who works on the hysical body and the conquest f pain; (2) the way of the monk, vhich is meaningless and ineffecive unless a man has faith; and 3) the way of the Yogi, through nowledge and consciousness, paricularly the way of Jnana-Yoga nd Raja-Yoga, which function in ew realms of thought, removed rom the orthodox ways of science, rom space, from time, from causlity. And then there is The ourth Way, in some respects the most difficult because it demands of the individual that he change himself internally by studying himself, without in the process changing himself externally. In The Fourth Way there is no room for faith; a man must *not* believe what he hears, what is taught, but only what he believes is true, and only when he has convinced himself that it is true. Above all, The Fourth Way is for the man who cannot follow the other ways.

In the course of this abstruse work, Ouspensky gives us the pronouncements and teachings of the master Gurdjieff, of which the following sampling may communicate something of the man's extraordinary hold on the motley group, which included some great men and women, who revered and followed him:

"One cannot work by oneself; a certain friction, inconvenience and difficulty of working with other people creates the necessary shocks."

"If you work too much on understanding and knowledge, and disregard will, then instead of growing stronger your will will become weaker, or remain the same as it was. If will remains undeveloped, the development of the understanding cannot help much. This is one of our greatest illusions, because, as we are, one little 'I' makes decisions and

another 'I,' which does not know about it, is expected to carry them out."

"All life consists of streets and crossroads. Turning at crossroads may even become more systematic if one has a center of gravity. Then one thing will continue to be more important and one will always turn in the same direction. But inspiration has nothing to do with it. It is simply the realization of a moment when you can do something."

"When one realizes that one deceives oneself, that one is asleep and one's house is on fire, always, permanently, on fire, and that it is only by accident that the fire has not reached one's room at this very moment, when one realizes this, one will want to make efforts to awake and one will not expect any special reward. Since we do not realize that our house is on fire we always expect a special reward. What can one do in sleep? One can only have different dreams—bad dreams, good dreams, but in the same bed. The dreams may be different, but the bed is the same."

"You must understand in yourself the power and magnitude of false personality; then you will understand that very often people have nothing else, or even if they have some possibility it is quite outweighed by false personality. False personality decides everything. In ordinary life, false personality controls every moment except perhaps moments when one reads or thinks of something. But when one works and magnetic center begins to grow, sometimes it happens that false personality may disappear for ten or fifteen minutes and give magnetic center a chance to manifest itself. That is how false personality disappears. It does not entirely disappear, it just goes away for a time. That is what we must try to do—to make it disappear for a time."

"It is useless to die in sleep because then you cannot be born. You must awake first."

"Real clairvoyance . . . is a function of the higher emotional center . . . The higher emotional center . . . has a bigger range of vision than our ordinary vision."

Visionary Unshakability

IT SHOULD be noted that even though Gurdjieff and Ouspensky spurn the conventional methods of science, they speak of their system and their methods with an assurance that one expects from, say, a physicist or an astronomer or a chemist, all of whom derive confidence and ease that comes only from the status a subject area achieves after it has acquired a history and a tradition, struggles and triumphs, deserters and doubters and converts, and, final

, an unshakable position within
ıe field of knowledge.
Gurdjieff and Ouspensky and
R. Orage did establish a tradi-
ɔn of a sort. Their devotees
rry on today with considerable
surance. They do point to a
adition and a history, and they
aim their wisdom comes from
any lands, from England and
Vestern Europe, from Russia and
ıdia, Persia, Armenia, Turkey,
hina, and Ceylon, where Gurd-
eff and Ouspensky either tra-
eled and lived or whose ancient
ɔoks and ways they studied and
ɔplied.

Famous men and women have
een captivated by Gurdjieff, Ous-
ensky, Orage and the other lead-
:s of the group. When Gurdjieff
ied in 1949, Frank Lloyd Wright
ɔld a New York audience, "The
reatest man in the world has
ied." T. S. Eliot once called
)rage one of the great minds of
is time. In the 1920s, when
)rage lectured in New York, he
ttracted impressive audiences,
mong whom sat Muriel Draper;
Herbert Croly, one of the founders
f *The New Republic*; Boardman
obinson, the painter; Dr. Louis
erman, then famous for his new
ıeories about the glandular sys-
em, and Heywood Broun, who at
ıat time was probably the best
ıown and most widely read
ewspaperman in America. As for
)uspensky, he excited the praise
of John Dewey himself, not to speak of George Bernard Shaw, Aldous Huxley, and J. B. Priestley. Today the young and startling Colin Wilson, author of *The Outsider,* is one of the new writers who finds much to praise in the teachings of Gurdjieff.

Moreover, the man's work is studied with meticulous care not only by the dubious fringe of enthusiasts who can always be found among the followers of new and mystic approaches to living, but also by hardheaded and practical men of affairs. Some months ago, in the London *New Statesman and Nation,* Rayner Heppenstall commented on the renewed interest in Gurdjieff and Ouspensky and then he went on to remark that he knew of "little groups of businessmen who meet weekly to discuss reincarnation, with coffee and biscuits at moderate charge."

Gurdjieff and his disciples have of course been called charlatans. Despite the praises of Frank Lloyd Wright and T. S. Eliot and a few leading scientists, the overwhelmingly prevailing attitude toward them in our scientific societies is one of contempt. Gurdjieff, say the respected scientists, was a fraud from the start, and the legendry surrounding him, his birth in Armenia, his years of study in Asia, his conversion to Islam or his membership in an

almost unheard-of Christian sect of Nestorians, his fluency in many European and Asian languages, his vast knowledge of physics, chemistry, relativity, astronomy and psychoanalysis—all this and much more, say Gurdjieff's critics, are part of the usual apparatus of myth and half-truth which surrounds such fiures.

Ouspensky and Orage are often regarded with greater respect. They have been called gifted men who got lost, as so often happens in science and literature, notably —they say—with Sir Oliver Lodge, William MacDougall, Leo Tolstoy, and Katherine Mansfield.

Yoga and Jung

BUT IS it quite right to dismiss these men and their teachings in this manner? The interest in them at this moment, the continuing stream of books on the deficiencies of science, the new studies of Zen Buddhism, of mysticism, the publication of the collected works of Jung—here are phenomena which are clearly symptomatic of a great disillusionment in science and the other great anchors of Western civilization.

The most recent of Jung's work to be published is Volume II, *Psychology and Religion: West and East,* which includes such landmark studies as his "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass," and his pioneer study of Yoga and the West. The new paperback edition of Rudolph Otto's *Mysticism East and West* is another manifestation of revived interest in the philosophical. It is a work of the highest calibre which will reintroduce the technique of Meister Eckhardt to new students.

Gurdjieff first attracted a great deal of attention from respectable thinkers a relatively long time ago, back in World War I days and earlier, because even then there were portents of disillusionment with the precepts of science alone. Today this dismay has multiplied many times. Contempt, the cry of charlatanism, the cult of conformity, somehow won't still the interest in doctrines that are not respectable by conventional standards. That is the importance, perhaps the greatest value, of these new books. They constitute a great barometer of discontent, of the malaise which has overtaken so many people. There is some hope these books will yet generate an interest in and concern for this discontent in larger and larger segments of the population, in leaders of political thought and, ultimately, in active political figures.

MYSTICISM SAVED HIS SCIENCE

A Book Review by F. J. M. Stratton

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON. By A. Vibert Douglas. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1957. 207 pp. $6.25

PROFESSOR Sir Arthur Eddington was the most inspiring astrophysicist of his generation. He displayed remarkable intuition in his pioneering work, especially on *The Internal Constitution of the Stars* (Cambridge, 1926). His researches lie at the roots of most modern developments in astronomy, although these have largely paid him the compliment of passing beyond his theories under the impetus of fresh knowledge. He regarded the growing points of science those whose theory and observation were in conflict.

The author of this biography gives a vivid picture of Sir Arthur and of his somewhat uneventful life. Dr. Douglas is a former pupil of Eddington's and now professor of astronomy at Queens University, Kingston, Ontario (Canada). She shows a keen appreciation of his philosophical writings. He was a mystic, and a lifelong member of the Society of Friends.

"Physical science," Eddington wrote, "is by its own implications led to recognize a domain of experience beyond its frontiers, but not to *annex* it. All varieties of mysticism represent an escape from the cloud world of physics into the open world beyond it . . . We all know that there are regions in the human spirit untraveled by the world of physics."

Another typical example of his thoughts is the following:

"We seek the truth, but if some voice told us that a few years more would see the end of our journey, that the clouds of uncertainty would be dispersed and that we should perceive the whole truth about the physical universe, the tidings would be by no means joyful. In science as in religion, the truth shines ahead as a beacon showing us the path; it is far better that we be permitted to seek." These observations are, of course, as true for the parapsychologist

as for the astronomer, or any other researcher the science frontiers.

Dr. L. J. Jacks, who for fifty years was editor of the *Hibbart Journal,* a well-known British journal of religion, theology and philosophy, said of Eddington in his memorial lecture that "science saved his mysticism from running to extravagance; mysticism saved his science from claiming the last word." It would be an exaggeration to say that Eddington was deeply interested in parapsychology. Yet, this reviewer remembers well that it was from Eddington that he first heard of Dr. S. G. Soal's significant results in extrasensory perception tests with Basil Shackleton; the time slip observed by Soal was accepted by Eddington as not unnatural in the space-time universe of relativity.

The parapsychologist has much to learn, for the deeper side of his inquiries, from the writings of Arthur Stanley Eddington, such as these: "Deeper than any 'form of thought' is a faith that creative activity signifies more than the theory it creates. In this faith the crumbling of hard-won knowledge in the successive revolutions of science is not the continual tragedy that it seems. In the age of reason, faith yet remains supreme; for reason is one of the articles of faith."

R. DeWitt Miller

R. DeWitt Miller, a contributor to this magazine and at one time conductor of its "Books in Review" column, died in Los Angeles, California, on June 3. He was 48 years old. His death was preceded by a heart condition of long duration.

Mr. Miller's most recent books were *You Do Take It With You* and *Reincarnation* (reviewed, Vol. 5, No. 2). For many years he prepared the monthly feature "Forgotten Mysteries" for *Coronet* magazine. Mr. Miller's interest in psychical research — a subject he described as dealing with the "vaster reality" — began some twenty-five years ago. An expert professional photographer, he also studied in such varied fields as stage magic, philosophy, electronics, meteorology, physics and astronomy.

Among R. DeWitt Miller's contributions to this magazine were "Southern California Riddle" (Vol. 4, No. 2), which dealt with the human needs and mental climate that made this Western area "a center of disillusionment and ever-new hopes" and "The Case of Paderewski's Parrot" (Vol. 5, No. 3), which examined apparent extra-sensory perception of animals.

mystical enactment, complete in every detail, came to the yes of a child, portraying an event previously unknown to her

FUNERAL IN THE SKY

Dorothy Donath

I HAVE never witnessed a military funeral; and neither had my mother until one night, while still a child, she saw one take place in all its solemn and dramatic ritual, against the backdrop of a summer night's sky.

It was in July of 1886. Mother had been put to bed a little later than usual, as the darkness was a long time coming on that warm Maryland night. Nothing out of the ordinary had happened that day, no wars were troubling the world at the moment, and the innocence of childhood took no notice of death in the little town where she had been born, or in the wide world outside of it.

But something happened in the small hours of that night, when the town and all within it were asleep. Why should one child, out of some ten thousand people, be chosen to witness a drama whose denouement, to this day, remains a mystery?

At about two in the morning my mother suddenly awakened. She sat up in bed and looked around her, frightened a little, as children sometimes are in the dark, and then her eyes were drawn to the open window at the end of her bed. In the room, all was as usual. White curtains at the window moved imperceptibly in a breeze that barely

touched them. The shadows of a moonless night fell across her bed, and a pale glow of starlight illumined the depths of the sky beyond.

But the vision that held her spellbound, glowing in vivid detail beyond the frame of the window, was like nothing she had ever seen before. Against the starry sky, in full chromatic brilliance, was painted a living picture! A coffin, resting on a caisson and covered with a large American flag, was about to be lowered to the side of an open grave by a group of soldiers in unfamiliar uniforms.

My mother watched, frozen and fascinated. Two ranks of blue-uniformed men stood on either side; a surpliced chaplain began to read from a little book — evidently the funeral service.

A Silent Salute

THIS scene, clear as though witnessed in broad daylight, remained until the reading was done. Then the ranks of soldiers raised their rifles and fired a soundless salute, and a bugler stepped forward and blew "Taps." She saw him go through all the motions of the ritual, but heard no sound.

The coffin was then lowered into the grave. Finally, as mysteriously as it had appeared, the picture slowly faded from the sky, leaving nothing behind it but vast emptiness and a few shimmering stars.

My mother sat there for a long time, trembling. She knew this was no dream — but would anyone believe her? Her own mother slept in an adjoining room. Should she wake her and tell her what she had seen? After some hesitation, she decided she had better not — no one could see anything now, anyway. She would tell them all in the morning.

When morning came, excitedly she recounted her experience of the night before. The family were gathered at breakfast. The usual comments arose: "You were asleep and dreaming!" — "Just an unusually vivid dream!"

Then my grandfather said, "Wait a minute! Has the child ever *seen* a military funeral, or heard one described?" And turning to my mother he said, "Tell us the story again, child, and describe everything just as you saw it."

This my mother did in every detail she could remember. No military funeral had ever been held where she could have witnessed it — no story had ever been read to her in which one took place. Death was a subject kept from the ears of children in those days.

My grandfather checked the ritual with an old army officer he

knew. It tallied in every detail, even to the uniforms, which were of a period prior to that time — those of the Northern Army at the time of the Civil War.

What *was* it that my mother saw? Some would say it was merely a mirage, reflected from a far place through an unusual atmospheric condition. But the uniforms did not belong to my mother's day. Could this have been a mirage in *time*?

The question will never be answered. Only the shadowy bugler and his comrades, wherever they may be, could tell us; and they and the bugle are silent. Taps was played for the last time on that summer night so long ago, to a little child in a sleepy Southern town.

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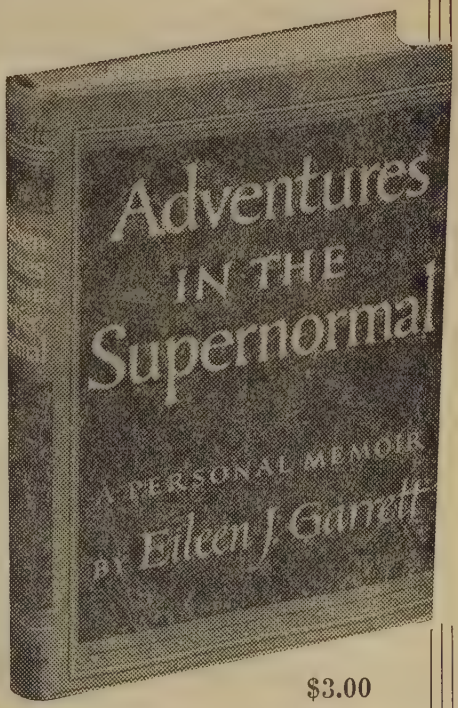

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After discoveries in electricity and in the movement of ether, an English scientist sought the evidence for life after death

SIR OLIVER LODGE: PHYSICIST AND PSYCHIC RESEARCHER

John Langdon-Davies

THE occasion is a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research in London, in the early years of this century. Presiding is a giant of a man — six-foot-four, and weighing more than two hundred pounds. Above his kindly and serene face is a polished bald dome worthy of St. Paul's Cathedral; below it a fine snow-white beard. His speaking voice, as he conducts the meeting, is unusually attractive.

But his serenity vanishes when, in the midst of a discussion among members, one of the participants tosses a personal and unforgivable insult at another. There is a shocked silence — such rudeness is unknown at these meetings. The giant becomes rigid: "I must request the member who has just spoken to leave the room immediately."

The offender sticks out his legs and thrusts his hands into his trousers pockets: "I shan't leave this room for anyone."

The giant stands up. "In that case, I will ask all other members to follow me out of the room." There is no hesitation. Members of the Society follow their leader in silence, leaving the offender to cool his heels alone.

This genial but quick-witted man, who knew exactly the right thing to do at the right moment, was Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, noted physicist, and for many

years president of the Society for Psychical Research.

I begin with this story because it is illustrative of the character and the personality of Oliver Lodge. And in spite of his being one of the most distinguished scientists of his day, it is the strength of his character and the magnetism of his personality that remain most vivid in the memory of those who knew him. It was his balanced yet dynamic personality to which may be ascribed his success in holding together a society which included disparate views, and in assembling, evaluating and presenting his own researches. He was not only brain, he was the whole man. That is why he stands among the great figures of British psychical research.

Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, F.R.S., was born in Penkhull, Staffordshire, England, on June 12, 1851. He died August 22, 1940. He was educated at Newport Grammar School and University College, London, where he received the Doctor of Science degree. He also received the degree of Honorary Doctor of Science from both Oxford and Cambridge, and the Honorary Doctor of Laws degree from four Scottish universities. In addition to his scientific research and early teaching positions, he was the first principal of the newly established Birmingham University from 1900 to 1919, and at various times was president of the British Association, the Physical Society and the Roentgen Society. He was knighted in 1902. He was awarded the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society, and the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for his pioneer work in wireless telegraphy, and was honored by learned societies in the United States and Europe.

Lodge was married in 1877 to Mary Marshall, daughter of Alexander Marshall. His wife died in 1929. There were six sons and six daughters in this family. His youngest son, Raymond Lodge, was killed in France in 1915 during the First World War. Lodge's book *Raymond* (London & New York, 1916), a collection of messages received by Lodge from his son after Raymond's death, remains among the outstanding cases evidential of survival in the annals of psychical research. *Raymond* made the name of Sir Oliver a household word in England, but it would be wrong to assume that this investigation represents the only, or even the most important work of Lodge.

To parapsychologists he will always be *the* great example of moral courage; for his insistence on discussing parapsychology, in and out of season, alienated many orthodox scientists in a period even less tolerant than our own. Some of these opponents nurtured a

legend which has never been completely killed. Lodge, says the legend, became senile, and, after his son was killed, took to "spooks" for consolation. The record of his investigations and public statements before 1915 show this to be a complete fabrication.

"In the seventies of the last century," he tells us in the preface to his *Survival of Man* (New York, 1909), "I was as skeptical of all these things as any other young student of orthodox physical science, and only gradually did the facts associated with psychical research make any impression on my mind.

"For a long time these facts accumulated, and I bided my time, weighing all sorts of alternative explanations and not being finally and publicly convinced of the survival and activity and communicating power of the dead until, say, the years 1906 and 1909; although as a matter of fact I had had evidence which really might have been convincing in the year 1889."

Tuned Radio and the Spark Plug

BY 1906, then, Lodge had come to the conclusion that the evidence for survival was such that it had to be generally accepted on scientific grounds. With Lodge, we may be sure that the scientific method of thought was followed thoroughly: first, doubt and trial of various hypotheses; then, the emergence of one hypothesis that fitted the facts; and finally, the assembling of sufficient proof to support the hypothesis, and the public statement of the conclusions. For, until the turn of the century, Lodge's most important work had been in the field of applied science, physics. His reputation and honors were due to his discoveries in electrolysis and telegraphy, and his experiments in the speed of the ion and motion of ether in relation to the earth.

Lodge's researches in electricity began with the study of lightning conductors and the measurement of velocity and strength of the waves existing in the space between two oppositely charged wires. His researches led to the application of electrical resonance to *tuned* wireless telegraphy, which makes possible the modern system of radio tuning on a continuous train of oscillations. Lodge also was the theoretician behind the Lodge Spark Plug, in common use in England.

In measuring the movement of "ether," the work of Lodge and the men who followed him led directly to the relativity theory of Albert Einstein. In the nineteenth century, the existence of "ether" as the quasi-material medium which made possible the conduction of light from the sun and

stars to the earth was accepted by physicists. The conflict in the acceptance of this theory arose in the question of whether the ether inside and around the earth was turning along with the earth's revolutions, or whether it remained stationery.

Lodge attempted the difficult task of determining whether the ether was carried along with the movement of the earth, using not the earth, but a pair of rapidly rotating steel discs. His conclusion suggested strongly that the ether did not move along with the earth. His experiment was one of the contributing causes that led most physicists to abandon as unfruitful this method of explaining the universe, and to range themselves with the explanation that Einstein propounded.

First Work with Mediums

IMPORTANT as Lodge's work in physics had been, he will be remembered as long for his work in the early years of parapsychology, or psychical research, as it was then known. Lodge's active work in this field began as early as 1884. It took the form of experiments in telepathic communication. To the end he regarded the field of telepathy as an essential part of the problem of survival. Whereas most workers today regard the discovery that extra-sensory perception (ESP) covers an almost unlimited field as an obstacle to obtaining evidence for survival, Lodge felt that the fact that extra-sensory perception could be scientifically proved reduced theoretical difficulties toward accepting survival. For if there could be communion between the living without use of normal physical means, there is an argument against the *a priori* assumption that, with the death of the body, all communication must cease. Lodge therefore regarded telepathic communication as a help rather than a hindrance to the pursuit of the problem of survival.

Before considering what became, for this reason, his chief psychical interest, it should be noted that Lodge was fortunate enough to witness nearly all the great phenomena in the scientific period of psychical research.

He was host and investigator for the celebrated American medium, Mrs. Lenore Piper, when she came to England in 1889 and after 23 sittings he reported that, though the question of how Mrs. Piper obtained her knowledge must be left open, it was "with certainty" not by any channel known to physical science. His care in avoiding all possible fraud should also be noted; his unceasing courtesy made it possible to take meticulous precautions without offending Mrs. Piper.

A great friend of Lodge's was the French Nobel Prize physiologist Professor Charles Richet, to whom he owed the chance of investigating the outstanding Italian physical medium, Eusapia Palladino. He was convinced that much of what he saw was genuine — though he agreed that the lady cheated whenever she could, especially at Cambridge, where her investigators seemed so anxious to prove fraud that they gave her ample opportunity to oblige.

But physical mediumship was never Lodge's chief interest. With Richard Hodgson's conversion to belief in survival in 1898, as a result of further investigation of Mrs. Piper, Lodge's field of interest narrowed to evidence through non-physical phenomena. It was, however, the death of two great friends, Professor Henry Sidgwick and, more especially, Frederic W. H. Myers, which began Lodge's chief preoccupation with evidential problems of survival. Nor was this for emotional reasons only, but almost entirely for intellectual reasons.

The death of these two great men left the S.P.R. doubly orphaned. But it was only after another great scientist, Lord Rayleigh (John William Strult), had refused the society's presidency because of other obligations that Lodge accepted it and thereby, many would say, saved the S.P.R. The Society has survived largely because it has never given a corporate opinion on any of the complex questions of psychical research, particularly on the most difficult problem of all, survival. It has done its best work only when believers and non-believers in survival have been able to work in sympathy side by side. The dominance of one party or the other might have led to disaster.

The Start of Cross-Correspondence

NOW it was largely due to Lodge that a measure of harmony was retained, after the original leaders had gone. In spite of his own personal belief, he saw to it that the S.P.R. maintained its objectivity.

And there now began the series of researches which interested Lodge most, and which for a number of years overshadowed all other types of research. Soon after Myers' death, it was noticed that a number of sentitives, some in distant parts of the earth, all gifted with the power of automatic writing, were producing scripts with passages which at first appeared meaningless. Often these passages were alleged to be received from Myers.

Careful scrutiny of these writings showed that, although they meant nothing by themselves, when two or more of them were combined, a meaning was re-

vealed, usually a classical and erudite meaning. Often these allusions from Greek literature were found in the scripts of such British mediums as Mrs. A. W. Verrall, who were classical scholars; but they also occurred in the scripts of Mrs. Piper, who had no claims to classical knowledge.

Moreover, if "Myers" was asked through Mrs. Verral, for example, to allude to something in another person's script, sure enough an allusion signed "Myers" would appear in the script of, say, Mrs. Piper.

These remarkable events are famous in the history of psychical research as cross-correspondences. How were they to be explained?

To Lodge and many others the most likely explanation was that the messages came, as was claimed, from the surviving Myers. Lodge argued that nobody knew better than Myers the difficulties of obtaining evidence of survival free from all taint of a telepathic explanation involving only the living. He believed that the surviving Myers had devised this kind of automatic message-sending to meet the main objections to other kinds of mediumistic messages.

Beyond Time and Space

FROM now on, Lodge saw himself responsible, as it were, for two S.P.R.s which should work together: one situated in Tavistock Square, London, and presided over by himself; the other presided over by Myers outside time and space!

"We have been driven," Lodge wrote in *The Survival of Man*, "to recognize that the controls are pertinaciously trying to communicate, now one, now another definite idea by means of two or more different automatists, whom at the same time they are trying to prevent from communicating telepathetically or unconsciously with one another; and that, in order to achieve this deliberate aim, the controls express the factors of the idea in so veiled a form that each writer indites her own share without understanding it.

"Yet some identifying symbol or phrase is often included in each script, so as to indicate to a critical examiner that the correspondence is intended and not accidental; and moreover, the idea thus cooperatively expressed is so definite that when once the clue is found, no room is left for doubt as to the proper interpretation.

"That is precisely what we have quite recently again and again obtained. The evidence needs careful and critical study; it is not in itself sensational, but it affords strong evidence of the intervention of a mind working behind and independent of the automatist."

For the next ten years and more, psychical research in Britain may be said to have centered on the elucidation of these cross-correspondences; but in 1918 a new major research interest was provided through Sir Oliver Lodge's wise planning. This was the careful investigation of a medium worthy to take a place beside Mrs. Piper herself — Mrs. Osborne Leonard.

It was a week after he had heard of his son Raymond's death that Lodge first went anonymously to Mrs. Leonard. Much of the evidence upon which Lodge relied for proof that he was in communication with his son came through sittings with her, and can be read in his famous book *Raymond, or Life and Death.* Opponents ridiculed the references to such things as whisky-and-soda and cigars as part of another life, but others felt that if something survived of a young man suddenly killed in battle, it would be more likely to be interested in such mundane things than in harps and glassy seas or even philosophical or ethical revelations.

From now on Mrs. Leonard became Lodge's chief psychic concern. An arrangement was made for her to give sittings solely to the S.P.R., where she could be studied under rigid scientific conditions. At the same time Mrs. Leonard became the means whereby Lodge brought comfort to thousands of bereaved persons.

Raymond had brought him a voluminous correspondence of a sort bound to touch the heart of so noble a man. He organized the task of providing spiritual help with the thoroughness of his physical scientific work. He was helped by two excellent people who devoted themselves solely to psychical matters, Miss Nea Webster Walker and Mr. J. A. Hill. After preliminary helpful letters, Sir Oliver passed on suitable inquirers to them. Often the results were sittings with Mrs. Leonard or other mediums.

Proxy Sittings and Book Tests

IN the course of these sittings, comfort for the bereaved was by no means the only consideration; scientific method was considered essential. Two techniques were developed in consequence: "proxy sittings" and "book tests."

Proxy sittings were often taken by Miss Walker in the way she describes in her book, *Through a Stranger's Hands.* That is, she would take the place of the person desiring to communicate at a sitting with a medium. Thus, the medium never saw the inquirer or heard the name, and was directed towards the people involved by Miss Walker alone in silent session before the sitting began, often by an object care-

fully chosen so as not to provide information about the owner.

Book tests were chapter and verse references given by Mrs. Leonard's control, "Feda," to books in sitters' houses which would contain messages significant to the sitter. A careful analysis of these tests, compared with bogus control tests, showed very significant odds against a chance explanation.

It is of course impossible to give a full account of Lodge's work in psychical research, but something must be said of his "working hypothesis" which guided his investigations. Unlike many others, Lodge may be said to have relied far more on physical science for an explanation of the facts provided by the latter. In his concept of ether, Lodge found the necessary solution to enigmas which were insoluble in terms of mind and matter alone.

Lodge and Whitehead

ALL that we know of life involves the existence of matter in a solid state. Solid matter exists in an infinitesimal part of the wide universe, where it is an accident brought about by abnormal temperature conditions. Is it possible to suppose that this thermal accident, and its results on atoms and electrons, is the thing out of which life comes and without which it could not be? Is it not easier to suppose that what we take to be an essential connection, that between life and solid matter, is purely accidental, a special case, a limited kind of existence?

Now like another great physicist, Alfred North Whitehead, Lodge felt that the importance of matter in the scheme of things was grossly overestimated. To him the real source of living phenomena was to be found in what he called the Ether of Space. The key to our problems, Lodge believed, is to be found by regarding matter as a merely incidental medium through which in our experience the unknown properties of the Ether of Space become manifest; one of these properties is Life.

In the same way, Whitehead believed that what we call the properties of matter are really properties of space, made visible to us by an unknown medium which common sense has misled us into believing to be the rock-bottom reality.

With such a physical theory, Lodge pointed out, the difficulties of not only psi phenomena but of normal psychological phenomena begin to disappear. At least we are not prevented from accepting facts because they seem to offend against a scientific picture of the universe. Those who wish to follow his thought further should read his *Ether and Reality*.

and his debate with Professor Charles Richet published in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. in 1924.

Theodore Besterman compiled a bibliography of the works of Sir Oliver Lodge some years before he ceased publishing. This incomplete list extends to over twelve hundred items, in itself an astounding fact and a tribute not merely to Lodge's energy but to his orderliness. Among his most important books, besides *Raymond* and *The Survival of Man*, are: *Man and the Universe* (1908), *Modern Problems* (1912), *Science and Religion* (1914), *Ether and Reality* (1925), *Evolution and Creation* (1926), *Why I Believe in Personal Immortality* (1928), *Past Years — An Autobiography* (1931) and *My Philosophy* (1933). But these qualities would not have explained his success as an experimenter had they not been combined with what Lord Balfour called "a certain grand simplicity, adorable in a man so richly endowed by nature, and so successful in achievement."

Personality Over Intellect

LORD Balfour goes on to comment on Lodge's astonishing success as a sitter: "This simplicity," he says, "was undoubtedly an asset to him as a sitter, by creating that atmosphere of sympathy which seems essential if the best results are to be obtained. It would not have been surprising if, at the same time, it had tended to detract from the cautious attitude called for in the investigation of mediumship. But I do not think this happened in Lodge's case. He was fully alive to the pitfalls which beset the inquiry, and was a most conscientious recorder. If certain passages in his records are apt to raise a smile, or even to excite ridicule, this is not to be ascribed to guileless naïveté, but to a scrupulous integrity which forbade any tampering with the records. What I most admire in him was his intellectual honesty, and his courage in standing fast by what he believed to be truth."

It is most fitting that this man, who devoted a major share of his earthly life to the study of survival, should have set up a message to be transmitted by his spirit after death, if possible. This famous "posthumous test" was written out and placed in a series of sealed envelopes on June 10, 1930. The innermost envelope contained the message; the others contained "clues" to its content. Lodge died August 22, 1940, and the final envelope was not opened until May 19, 1954. In the intervening fourteen years, one hundred and thirty sittings were held with various mediums in an effort to "receive" Sir Oliver's message.

The message itself was at once a trivial and personal matter, that had not been told to any living person before his death. Yet it was complicated enough to preclude the chance of duplicating it by any but the wildest circumstances of guessing or chance. The message was a five-finger exercise for piano that Lodge had learned in one of his primary music books, and frequently, throughout his life, would absently drum on a table or desk. It consisted of fifteen notes, and the five fingers struck 3, 3, 6, 1, and 2 times respectively.

A number of mediums transmitted messages which bore closely on the matter. A number of them identified it as being related to music. It was also connected to a hand by one medium, and another got the beginning impression of a series of numbers and letters. Nevertheless, none of them gave the complete finger exercise exactly or in its entirety.

Miss Mercy Phillimore, a member of the test committee, made the following statement in the report published in the periodical *Light*: "No medium gave all the correct information . . . [However] as one who accepts the evidence for survival of the personality after death [I am convinced that Lodge] repeatedly tried to carry through his difficult task."

Thus we end as we began: the sheer force of personality of this intellectual and physical giant has left its stamp upon the literature and the methods of psychic research, and shines through our memories of him.

"One may say truly, I think, that personal religious experience has its root and center in mystical states of consciousness."

William James, "The Varieties of Religious Experience" (1902)

Alterations and discoveries in a historic house in New York City helped "a rather friendly" ghost settle to quiet rest

GREENWICH VILLAGE GHOST

Meyer Berger

IN SEPTEMBER of 1956, the 125-year-old red brick house at 11 Bank Street in Greenwich Village, New York City, came into the hands of Dr. Harvey Slatin, an engineer, and his wife, Yeffe Kimball, of Osage Indian descent, who is known for her paintings.

They heard from neighbors that Willa Cather, the novelist, had lived in the place forty years ago, but it turned out that she had owned No. 5 Bank Street. They did establish that a Villager who was the Noel of the novel *Marjorie Morningstar* had boarded in their place.

A Mrs. Maccario had run No. 11 as a nineteen-room boarding establishment for years before she sold it to the Slatins, but she had not bothered much about its history. Anyway, the Slatins, anxious to do the house over, came to an amicable agreement with the roomers. The house got empty and echoey.

Now it may seem a little contradictory, but the Slatins are sensible Bohemians. In quiet hours while they were alone or with a few friends, they thought they heard a woman's footfalls on the steep staircases, sometimes just crossing the upper floors.

Sometimes there was a light hammering.

The Friendly Ghost

THE sounds were heard more often by day than at night. Dr. Slatin says, "I'd call them rather friendly sounds; a wee bit spooky, maybe, but somehow not frightening." When he and his spouse went up to explore they never saw a soul. They could never work out an explanation, either.

They clocked the ghostly pacing one Sunday morning last January. It started around eleven o'clock and kept up at intervals through four o'clock in the afternoon. The Slatins made quite a few trips upstairs—they sleep on the first floor—but as before no one, nothing, in sight. They called, "Who's there?" The walls gave back the call in echo fragments.

Arthur Brodie, a British-born carpenter and rather a stout fellow in his own right, heard the footfalls as the Slatins did. He said you did hear odd sounds in old houses. Sadie, the Slatins' maid, was uneasy in the beginning, but she would just cock an ear and listen after a while without panic.

One morning last February Mr. Brodie started to hammer through the top floor ceiling for a room change there. Plaster and lath dust showered down. There was a loud bump. Mrs. Slatin heard it in her first-floor bedroom. A few minutes later Mr. Brodie came down. He knocked at her bedroom door.

He said, "It's me, ma'am, Brodie. I'm leaving the job. I've found the body." But when Mrs. Slatin opened the door he grinned. In his hand was a black-painted metal can about twice the height of a tin of ground coffee. He held it out.

A faded, gummed label on the can said, "The last remains of Elizabeth Bullock, deceased. Cremated January 21, 1931." That was in typed lettering. In heavy print below that: "The United States Crematory Company, Ltd., Middle Village, Boro of Queens, New York City." Stamped into the top of the can and at the bottom, as with a metal punch, was the number 37251.

Mrs. Slatin called her husband. He hurried home. He and Mr. Brodie put a flashlight through the ceiling break. Nothing there but dusty rafters. There was a puzzler. As near as the engineer could figure out, the room ceiling that hid the container had gone in around 1880, a half-century before Elizabeth Bullock died.

Haunting the Wrong House

DR. SLATIN called the crematorium. After a search of records there he was told that Mrs. Bullock was 51 years old

when she died in 1931. She had been hurt by an automobile in Hudson Street in Greenwich Village, had collapsed, been carried to a drug store and there death had taken her.

But—this was strange, the Slatins thought—Elizabeth Bullock had never lived at 11 Bank Street. Her home address in the crematorium's books was 113 Perry Street in Greenwich Village. Dr. Slatin called Charles Dominick, the undertaker in the case. His place had been in West Eleventh Street, not too far from Bank. But Mr. Dominick, too, was dead.

All that remains of Elizabeth Bullock—the Slatins lost the trail in a search for her kin—stands quietly now on the grand piano in the long brick living room at 11 Bank Street. Sadie dusts it every day. The Slatins cannot think of anything else to do with it.

There's a chance, they think, that someone, some day, may come for it.

There is one other strange touch to the story. A few weeks before Mr. Brodie broke through to Elizabeth Bullock, a well-dressed young man rang the doorbell of the house to ask about rooms. Mrs. Slatin told him she could not say exactly when they would be ready but she would take his name.

The young man left a card. When I visited the Slatins, last June, they could not, with their records ajumble, dig it out. But the name on the card—Mrs. Slatin reaches for this in her memory—was something like E. C. Bullock. One last thing the Slatins have to answer for—and they acknowledge no belief in ghosts—there have been no whispering footfalls at No. 11 since Elizabeth Bullock came down to the parlor.

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An English country mansion, visited by Queen Elizabeth I and Sir Thomas More, has been the scene of many strange events

THE GHOSTLY LADY OF LOSELEY HALL

B. M. Moffat

AMONG famous English haunted houses, Loseley Hall near Guildford (Surrey) is by no means the least famous. I gladly welcomed the opportunity to visit it a few years ago.

The bus set me down at the entrance to what I took to be a country lane, so sequestered was it, with thick hedges on either side and wide meadows stretching away beyond. It was not till I had reached its end, and the Elizabethan mansion suddenly appeared, that I realized that what I had taken to be a country lane was really one of the carriage drives. I still wonder how two traveling coaches could have passed each other in the "good old days."

I was just in time to join a group of people who had come to see that part of the house to which the public is admitted.

We explored the banqueting hall, a truly magnificent apartment, with its minstrel's gallery and period furniture. We visited the drawing room in which were portraits of past owners and their relatives and friends, including two kings and the martyred saint, Sir Thomas More. We were shown two stools, most carefully preserved, for the seats had been worked in wool by Queen Elizabeth I, who had visited the mansion no less than three times.

Upstairs was the bedroom where the queen had slept in a canopied bed, still preserved. The chief

attraction to me was the glorious view from the windows of acres of sweeping cornland — running gold backed by the dark green of the wood beyond.

From what I saw in the concrete beauty of old stone and craftsmanship and from what I heard both then and subsequently, this account evolves.

Close to four hundred years ago, when the house had not long been built, the second wife of the lord of the manor murdered her little stepson in his father's absence, so that *her* son should inherit the property. When her lord returned and learned what she had done, he imprisoned her in an upper room for the rest of her life, though for how long a period that was, or how harsh her imprisonment, there seems to be no record.

That is the bare story that has come down the centuries. That she did not pay the penalty with her own life seems strange; but in those far-off days the law was very much in the hands of the individual. Perhaps, too, there was not sufficient evidence as to whether it was murder or accident.

The Haunted Room

THERE are different versions as to how the deed was accomplished. One is that the woman cut off her stepson's legs, and a picture was at one time painted showing the legless child sitting in his stepmother's lap. But a later artist painted out this horrid sight, so that she now appears with her lap full of roses.

Another version, and one that seems less gruesome if not more likely, is that she drowned the child in the moat. But why she should have chosen such a method when a drink of poison or a pillow over his face would have been simpler is difficult to understand.

On the other hand, there is no story that I could find of the moat's being haunted, while there *is* a story of a haunted room. It is said that screams so terrible issue from this room on a certain night in the year the family used to arrange to be away on that night. There is another room with the reputation of being haunted by a feeling in it of great evil—possibly the room in which the stepmother was incarcerated.

There seems to have been a long hiatus in the stories of the house from the sixteenth century to modern days.

And then, in the prosaic twentieth century, the house was taken by a friend of a cousin of mine. This friend was informed by her small daughters that they were never lonely when there was a party downstairs and they were left alone upstairs in bed—because "a little old lady, dressed in gray, used to come in to see them.

Curiously, the little girls had no ar of her, for they seemed to nagine that she was a resident the house who came to keep em company when everyone se was downstairs, and they oked forward to her visits.

Gradually, however, as they ew older and realized that "the tle old lady in gray" was never en by anyone else, and was ot willingly discussed by their ders, they sensed something un- nny, and began to be nervous. o their parents for this reason ve up the house.

But *was* the apparition described y them as a "little old lady in ay" that of a woman who had urdered her stepchild, or an- her, less malignant vision? The aunting, or alleged haunting, ccasioned by a violent crime is ot generally welcomed by either ild or adult.

o Meet a Ghost

SUBSEQUENTLY the house was rented to a wealthy Amer- an lady who, upon the occasion f a house party, conceived the rilliant idea of getting a medium own from town to amuse her uests by "calling up" the spirit of ne wicked stepmother.

She got more than she had argained for. Where one part of ne house was reported to have een haunted, now the whole ouse seemed to be so. None of the terrified guests dared to go to bed that night, but packed their bags with trembling fingers. The dim light of early morning found guests, hostess and servants at Guildford station. The house was locked up and left empty.

But before this wholesale departure, the hostess called servants as well as guests together. She asked each person to promise faithfully never to divulge what had been seen and heard on that night. Soon after, however, one of the guests met my cousin in London. In answer to the astonished query as to what she was doing in town at a time when she was supposedly a guest at Loseley House she told my cousin of the hasty exodus and its cause.

Details she would not give, saying that she had promised not to, but the one thing she did divulge was that the ghostly stepmother, called from her retirement, no longer inhabited one room, but might be met at any door, or on any staircase, and that the house, once haunted by one entity, was now haunted by a legion!

Another strange incident my cousin told me concerning Loseley House had to do with a large dinner party which was given there one winter night. Since extra help was needed for waiting at tables, a waiter was hired from Brett's the caterers, in Guildford. He was a quiet, elderly man who

had been in good service in private families in his earlier days. He was brought to Loseley Hall by a groom in the dog cart, but the storm, which had been blowing up all day, was so bad by the time his duties were over that the housekeeper, not liking to send the old man back in such weather, persuaded him to stay the night.

The following morning, when he came down to breakfast, the housekeeper asked him if he had slept well.

"Oh yes," he replied. "I slept quite well, but I'm afraid the gentlemen who kept passing through in fancy dress didn't like my being there." And, presumably, the housekeeper was too dumbfounded to make any further inquiries—none of the guests had worn fancy dress on the preceding night. The room in which he had slept had been partitioned off from what had been a long g lery which ran the whole len of the house.

It was in that same gallery t a small dog accompanying master on a visit to the house H become transfixed with fear, fusing to pass a certain spot. T owner carried his dog downst and dismissed the matter from mind. Some time after, anot visitor was being shown over house and he found, on descen ing, that his dog had remained hind. Calling and whistling w of no avail and he returned to gallery to find *his* dog whimperi piteously.

A coincidence? It was stran that both dogs behaved in t same way—at the same place which the old man thought had seen people in "fancy dres Could it be that the pets detect indications of the "lady in gra

ON THE TRAIL OF THE POLTERGEIST is the title of a n book by Nandor Fodor (New York: Citadel Press. 1958. 22 $3.95), an expansion of material presented under the title "The Hau ing at Thornton Heath" in Tomorrow, Winter 1957. Dr. Fodor, in troducing the book, states that a poltergeist disturbance "may rep sent an episodic mental abberration of a schizophrenic charact arising from a severe traumatisation and consequent dissociation."

SATAN IN SALEM

A Television Play

by Irwin Blacker and Frank DeFelitta

N the latter half of the seventeenth century, a wave of hysteria swept the American colonies. "Witchcraft!" The word was whispered at rst, and the citizens of the villages and the farmlands of New England sed it uneasily to account for any unusual or unfortunate occurrence their hard lives. They eyed their neighbors with fear and suspicion

Presented by the Columbia Broadcasting System, on "Odyssey," January 27, 1957.

—for possession by the Devil was no trifling matter to the Godfearing but often narrowly devout, descendants of the Puritans.

There came a time when the word was shouted. "Witches" were named all over New England, "trials" were held in which evidence was a mockery, and executions were decreed on the basis of charges notable chiefly for their wild fantasy.

In Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692, the witchcraft delusion reached its virulent peak. Twenty persons were executed there for supposedly practicing "black arts."

Nearly all of these people were executed on the word of young girls—adolescents whose ages ranged from nine to twenty. They had been "bewitched" by various of their neighbors—driven mad, seized by fits, forced to grovel and growl and slaver, they claimed, by those in the community possessed of the Evil One.

In those long ago days, psychiatry was unknown. The relationship between mind and body, the power of the mind to affect the body was not even a theory. Today, the connection that exists between hysteria and "possession," and the proneness of adolescence to hysteria are matters of accepted fact. "Explanations" would be possible today. In 1692 in Salem, the explanation for possession was Satan.

NOT long ago, the Columbia Broadcasting System produced on television a documentary based on the Salem witch-hunts. The kinescope of this play was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature last year, as evidence for the state's exoneration of Ann Pudeator and four other women hanged for Witchcraft in 1692. Thus, legal "exorcism" came some 265 years after the event—too late to be of practical help to the accused, but of some comfort, perhaps, to their descendants. It cleared the books for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which, as early as 1711, had already reversed the decision of the Salem judges in the cases of the fifteen others who had been executed.

TOMORROW *brings its readers the script of the CBS-TV documentary* Satan in Salem, *as a compelling description of what was known in 1692 as "possession"—a phenomenon which today is also known, but diagnosed very differently.*

Open on silhouette of woman walking up to Gallows Hill where she is hanged.

NARRATOR: Her name was Ann Pudeator. She committed a crime so great that her neighbors believed she should hang for it. It was not murder. It was not theft. The spector of the witch hung over Salem and when the Devil appeared in Massachusetts, the good citizens sought out those they believed were his co-workers in evil.

Camera focuses on the Corwin House in Salem.

NARRATOR: This is the home of Jonathan Corwin in Salem, Massachusetts. On the second floor is the room where in 1692 Ann Pudeator was examined for witchcraft. We are interested in this home and the case of Ann Pudeator for this case has been presented for reversal to the legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. To understand the case of Massachusetts versus Ann Pudeator, we must understand the climate of opinion against which this woman was first tried.

Cut to film of Sturbridge Village, wood shots of the area at night.

NARRATOR: In the winter of 1692 fear and hysteria gripped New England. Through history the same fears have gripped other parts of the Western World. But we are focusing our attention on Salem, because Salem is in America and it is part of our tradition; and because we know the names of the accusers and the accused. The record is intact and through this record we know something of the minds and hearts of those who played a part in this strange and tragic episode . . .

The statistics of the trials are these: The good citizens of Salem in defense of their families and selves brought in twenty-eight convictions for witchcraft. They hanged nineteen persons and crushed one to death. Fifty-five others they pardoned. At least 150 were imprisoned and over 200 other persons were accused of witchcraft, along with several dogs, two of which were executed. This is what happened to the accused.

The accusers were a small group of girls who lived in the homes about the small village.

Camera picks up Betty and Abigail, who sit facing each other on stools, quietly carding wool.

NARRATOR: There was Betty Parris and her cousin Abigail. These girl were 9 and 11 years old. They lived in the parish house which came to Betty's father as part of his fee for services as the village's minister.

Camera moves on from lighted area through black and comes on over Mary Walcott, dipping candles.

NARRATOR: Several blocks away lived Mary Walcott. She was the sixteen-year-old daughter of Jonathan Walcott. Deliverance Walcott, soft spoken and gentle, was her stepmother.

Camera moves on to Elizabeth Booth and Suzzanah Sheldon, who sit quietly polishing silver.

NARRATOR: Across the village green and only a few doors from the minister's house were the neighbor children Elizabeth Booth and Suzzanah Sheldon. The girls, sixteen and eighteen, had known each other all their lives.

Camera moves on as before. Elizabeth Hubbard sits spinning.

NARRATOR: For Elizabeth Hubbard, living down the street, life was difficult. Her parents were dead. She was the servant and ward of her uncle, the stern and overworked Doctor William Griggs.

Camera moves on as before. Sarah Churchill on her knees, scrubbing a floor.

NARRATOR: Like Elizabeth, Sarah Churchill, who lived across the green, was also a servant. Though George Jacobs, the old patriarch for whom she worked, was a patient man, there was much for a girl of twenty to do in his large household.

Camera moves on Mary Warren as she sits plucking a chicken.

NARRATOR: Another twenty-year-old was the maid of John and Mary Procter. Mary Warren. A robust farm girl, Mary was less sensitive than . . .

Camera moves on to Mercy Lewis kneeling in prayer.

NARRATOR: . . . her friend, Mercy Lewis. Already 19, Mercy felt the weight of the sins she believed she had committed. A maid to the Putnams, her compassion and religious fervor were a great influence on . . .

Camera moves on to an entranced child stirring a pot.

NARRATOR: . . . the young and highly imaginative daughter of the Putnams, Ann, who was only twelve.

Camera picks up the group as a whole going through their various activities.

NARRATOR: The life of these girls was tightly bound by the restrictions of a Puritan childhood. Religion and sin lay on them like a heavy hand. Laughter was the voice of the Devil and pleasure was a sin. Their God was a God of wrath constantly observing the flesh and its weaknesses. Every one of these girls was in her own way collapsing under the tensions brought about by the adult world in which she lived—a world which had been created without consideration of the limitations of children—without thought of their needs and of their desires.

Camera picks up Tituba, seated on a stool. She is telling a tale in an animated and wondrous way. Her hands and body movements are slow and rhythmic. Betty and Abigail sit at her feet.

NARRATOR: The girls were bored and a little afraid of the rigid world in which they lived. There was little variety in their lives and less hope. It was only natural that the marvelous tales of Tituba, the slave of the Reverend Parris, fell on receptive ears.

As she tells her tale the other girls slip in one at a time and sit in a circle about her feet.

NARRATOR: Child after child gathered in the charmed circle that met in the minister's kitchen to hear those enchanting stories with the secrets of the far-off island of Barbados—the stories of little sorceries by conjuring with sieve and scissors and candle—tales of blood let under the moon—of wild dances where shuffling slave chains point out the hidden vales where the future dwelt.

The children listened to Tituba and knew they were playing on the fringes of forbidden arts.

Camera moves slowly to the face of each of the spellbound girls, one at a time.

As Tituba talks, the girls begin to bring out small woolen dolls and other artifacts.

NARRATOR: The girls could not forget these facts, for every Sunday's sermon sounded a warning in their heads. But the fascination of the slave was powerful.

Camera slowly frames the silhouette of Tituba.

NARRATOR: For Salem the tales of Tituba were not good. They were tales told before midnight. And a new darkness was to fall on this isolated village at the edge of a great wilderness—at the corner of an unknown continent.

Early in the snow-swept January of 1692, Betty, the minister's daughter, fell ill.

Camera picks up Betty in her original position. She sits, wool in hand, staring fixed and motionless in the middle of her work.

NARRATOR: Betty's sickness took a strange turn. Forgetfulness set in. She seemed to be concentrating on a world other than Salem. Fear of unseen objects wrapped her smallest motion. When brought to reality by her father . . .

PARRIS: Betty. Betty, what's wrong, child?

Betty's head jerks from side to side. She sobs silently.

NARRATOR: Her appetite fell away. Her parents' concern grew. But they feared to question her . . . to upset her further. And the fear that gripped her held through many days and nights. Her parents could not understand what was happening.

Then one evening during worship, after her parents had tried to accept the changes, tried to understand without success what had happened to their child—the unexpected and the unexplainable.

Camera picks up Betty, who is trying to growl, babble, and choke. Camera pulls back to her cousin Abigail, who begins to sway from side to side. She babbles. Camera finds her on her knees at prayer.

NARRATOR: Not only Betty, but Abigail, her cousin, was smitten. And now there were two in the same house.

With the same rhythm that she has been swaying from side to side, Abigail places her hands down on the floor and crawls off on all fours.

NARRATOR: The frightened parents did not know how to cope with what seemed like madness . . . It seemed almost shameful to the Reverend Parris, who tried to confine the story of the strange actions to his own household. But he could not hide the story, and as the tales of the sick girls spread, so did the sickness itself.

Cut to Mary Walcott and Suzzanah, Mary on a chair stiff and writhing; Suzzanah beside her weaving from side to side as she babbles unheard.

NARRATOR: Over across the way, about seven one evening, shortly after Betty and Abigail had fallen ill, Elizabeth and Mary became afflicted with the same awesome malady.

Camera picks up Mercy Lewis, Bible in hand, hysterically swaying from side to side.

NARRATOR: At the Putnams, Mercy Lewis, the maid, was no longer able to mind her chores. And prayers did not help her or the other girls. The fever mounted and with it their fears. Entreaty for God's help only made matters worse for the girls who had

spent the winter trying to get away from the formalities of holy ritual.

Mercy sways on and, instead of prayer, we hear the unusual rhythm of a primitive incantation. Suddenly she flings the Bible to her feet. The camera follows its flight to Ann Putnam in a catatonic fit on the floor. The Bible is open beside her.

NARRATOR: If Mercy was disturbed, Ann Putnam, who lived in the house with her, suffered most horribly. Her frightened parents believed she was going to die.

Shafts of light pick up each of the children going through her antics.

NARRATOR: The parents of Salem were shaken as they watched their daughters sicken one at a time. They were Puritans, unrelieved in their discipline, but they loved their children and they feared for them. Something was wrong—unusually wrong. Even strange. No family could hide it. Each was afraid. Panic crept into every household. The fear was undefined. Yet in the back of every mind was an explanation.

Camera picks up Ann. A man is examining her as she lies in convulsion. In the picture, foreground, is another man at prayer.

NARRATOR: A physician was summoned. It was not epilepsy. It was nothing he could physic. He finally decided that there was only one possible cause—that which was the undefined fear in every Salem mind.

PHYSICIAN: The evil hand is on them. She is bewitched.

Ann in convulsion. Fade in on mood shots of village.

NARRATOR: When Dr. Griggs presented his diagnosis, he thrust the responsibility for the cure on to the church.

Film moves slowly towards Meeting House.

NARRATOR: The Reverend Mr. Parris declared a state of emergency. He summoned other New England clergy to help him in this hour of crisis.

Camera shows Meeting House as chorus of men's voices is raised.

MEN'S VOICES: Dear Lord in your infinite mercy we beseech you to give us strength to seek out the Devil and his co-workers in eternal evil and perdition—strength to cleanse our village of everlasting darkness and release to light our children.

Girls, seated together, look quizzically at the camera as it slowly approaches them. They are at peace.

NARRATOR: All agree that the witches must be exposed. Justice would follow. But the girls must name their tormentors.

FIRST VOICE: Who torments you?

SECOND VOICE: Who has bewitched you?

THIRD VOICE: Name them that afflict you.

The girls ignore the questions and look blankly at questioners.

NARRATOR: But there were no answers. The simple folk of Salem suggested recipes for the detection of witches, but the ministers felt only the best scientific methods should be used. Names were suggested to the girls.

FIRST VOICE: Is it Sarah Goode?

SECOND VOICE: Is it Sarah Osborne?

THIRD VOICE: Is it Tituba?

Camera has moved in slowly onto Betty's face. She begins to sob hysterically and as she speaks her face goes into her hands.

BETTY: Tituba. Oh, Tituba . . .

OTHER GIRLS: Sarah Goode. Sarah Osborne.

NARRATOR: And so Salem had the names of the first three to be accused.

Open on a large Bible set on a table. Beside it a gavel is being pounded loudly.

NARRATOR: The law of Salem was simple. The Bible said: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Exodus 22:15.

Camera slowly draws back and we see the shoulders or hands of the judges as we look over their shoulders. The girls slowly file into their places in a group before them and take their seats.

NARRATOR: To doubt a witch is to doubt the Devil and to doubt the Devil is to doubt God. There were no lawyers in Massachusetts Colony. Two magistrates, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, were selected to conduct the examination.

Procedures were simple. There was to be no defense counsel. Spectral evidence—the belief that a person's supernatural self, one's airy substance, could commit a crime without that person's knowledge was to be acceptable evidence.

Any unnatural growth, wen, or mole, was acceptable proof of the devil's mark. If any could recall a cow dying, milk going sour, anything not easily explained after two neighbors quarrelled, this was acceptable proof.

Against such evidence the accused had no defense at all.

On Tuesday, March 1, 1692, the preliminary hearings began. The first of the accused was Sarah Goode, forlorn, friendless, and forsaken . . . of wretched condition and ill-repute

Camera picks up silhouette of Goody Goode, elderly, bent. The shadow has the gnarled look of a hag.

HATHORNE: Sarah Goode, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?

GOODE: None.

CORWIN: Have you made no contracts with the devil?

GOODE: None.

HATHORNE: Why do you hurt these children?

GOODE: I do not hurt them. I scorn it.

Camera moves in on girls as though we see through judges' eyes.

HATHORNE: Look upon this woman. Is she the one who torments you?

The children turn towards Sarah Goode. They begin to moan as a chorus. Louder and louder the sound rises.

HATHORNE: [*above the racket*] Sarah Goode, do you not see now what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you thus torment these poor children?

GOODE: I do not torment them.

CORWIN: Why do you employ them?

GOODE: I employ no one.

The children are calmer.

HATHORNE: How came they thus tormented?

GOODE: What do I know?

HATHORNE: Who do you serve?

GOODE: I serve God.

HATHORNE: What God do you serve?

Gavel raps as question is asked. Camera on Sarah Goode and to black. Open again and where Sarah Goode stood is now dark.

As narrator speaks, the light comes up and we see the silhouette of Tituba.

NARRATOR: The evidence was sufficient—Sarah Goode was bound over for trial and then the slave, Tituba, was summoned. The talent for self-preservation bred into a slave came to the fore in her. She readily told her masters what they wanted to hear. And they sat back and listened to her for three full days—mesmerized.

TITUBA: He came to me in the shape of a tall man from Boston and he said hurt the children but I did not. There was four women and one man. They hurt the children and they tell me if I will not hurt the children they will hurt the children and the appearances I see is sometimes like a hog and sometimes like a great dog and the great dog says serve me but I said I'm

afraid. And there was a man with a yellow bird and he said I will give you pretty things if you serve me but I would not.

Then there were two cats, a red cat and a white cat and they said serve me. Last night they came to me, but I said I would not hurt the children.

And Sarah Goode set a wolf on Elizabeth Hubbard. They pulled me and hauled me and made me go to Ann Putnam's to kill her with a knife. We ride on sticks. There is a man, a hog and two cats—we fly through the air over the trees and we see nothing but we get there presently. And Sarah Osborne had a thing with a head like a woman and two legs and two wings. The thing turned all into a woman and there was with Sarah Osborne another thing—hairy goes upright like a man. It has only two legs. And the hairy thing becomes all over hairy, all the face hairy and a long nose and is about two three feet high and last night it stood before the fire in Mr. Parris's hall.

There is a woman goes in a white hood and a black hood with a top-knot. She goes with the tall man from Boston who goes in black with white hair. And they said if I told anyone they would cut off my head.

All of them were at the Witches Sabbath when I was there and the Tall Man from Boston brought a book and there were names signed in it. I could not read the names. I tried to remember them. I tried but I only remember there were nine.

The gavel pounds.

NARRATOR: And there were nine of them. The search had just begun. The trials were far from complete. The war between Satan and Salem had just begun. As every man knows the Devil is at his strongest when he wears the cloak of righteousness, of the godly—when he appears before man as an angel. Everyone was suspect and the whispers spread. Old arguments were remembered. Jealousies and hatreds given their reign. All Salem joined in the battle.

Film cuts from house to house as whispers are heard.

FIRST VOICE [*female*]:Look to John Proctor. He fought about the fence between the farms. Next day my cow sickened and died.

SECOND VOICE [*male*]: Look to my wife, Martha Cory. It grieves me to say it. But I have perceived her to kneel down on the hearth as if she were at prayer but I have heard nothing.

THIRD VOICE [*female*]: Look to Suzzanah Martin. She walked to my house in a rain storm. Her feet were dry and she said she scorned to have a dribbled tail.

FOURTH VOICE [*male*]: Look to the Old Patriarch, George Jacobs. If he prays at all he prays to himself.

Camera shows water wheel slowly turning.

NARRATOR: Salem judged and Salem pre-judged but only the girls knew their afflictors and only the girls could cry "Witch!"

Camera picks up girl after girl as they shriek out names.

FIRST GIRL: Bridget Bishop. She's choking me. Make her take the chain off my neck.

SECOND GIRL: That black hog with an open mouth that keeps biting me. It's Alice Parker.

THIRD GIRL: Rebecca Nurse. She's sitting on the rafters. There's a bird sucking between her fingers.

Camera picks up scene of trial over shoulder of judges.

The gavel pounds. The camera focuses on Rebecca Nurse.

MAN: I have known Rebecca Nurse for forty years and what I have observed of her, she hath brought forth a great family of children and educated them so well that there is in some of them apparent savor of godliness. I have known her to differ with her neighbors, but I never knew or heard of any that did accuse her of what she is now accused.

NARRATOR: No one was to be spared if Mistress Nurse could be named. None was safe. Friends spoke out in her behalf, but Salem shuddered and the trial began.

NURSE: I can say before my eternal father that I am innocent and God will clear my conscience.

HATHORNE: There is not a one in this assembly but desires it Mistress Nurse, but if you be guilty, I pray God discover you.

NURSE: I am innocent and clear and have not been able to get out of doors these 89 days. I have never afflicted no child. No, never in my life.

HATHORNE: Ann Putnam. Mercy Lewis. Elizabeth Hubbard. Look at this good woman. Is it not possible that you were wrong?

At this question the group of accusers becomes hysterical slowly one by one as their actions build up to a climax.

FIRST GIRL: She's choking me. Choking me.

SECOND GIRL: She came to me with a little red book and a black pen. I won't sign. I won't sign. I won't.

THIRD GIRL: Oh, Goody Nurse, you're the woman who afflicts my mother.

FOURTH GIRL: I will not yield. I will not yield.

FIFTH GIRL: She's going to kill me. Kill me.

SIXTH GIRL [*hands to face*]: I'm blind. I'm blind.

SEVENTH GIRL [*points up and other girls look up. All begin pointing together*]: She's on the beams. She's on the beams. There she is. There she is. Come down, Goody Nurse. Come down. Come down, Goody Nurse. Come down.

All chant in unison. Gavel raps loudly.

HATHORNE: What think you of this, Rebecca Nurse?

NURSE: I know not what to think.

HATHORNE: Look away. Look away from the girls. Stop afflicting them. Do not look at them.

He is frightened as he speaks.

She turns away as directed.

NURSE: I do not afflict them. I never hurt anyone.

All the girls quietly assume their seats as she turns away as though there were a relationship between the acts.

NURSE: I have done nothing. Oh, Lord help me.

She spreads her hands and hereafter every move she makes the girls make after her in unison.

She clasps her hands and opens them and sways from side to side as she protests her innocence.

NURSE: I am an old woman and I am deaf. I do not know why I am charged or who hates me for what reason. I've never done evil. I would not hurt these children. I do not hurt them.

HATHORNE [*his head moves towards Corwin's*]: She's got them bewitched. The Devil dances, and the children have to follow. Rebecca Nurse, it is awful to see these agonies. And yet when others cry, you stand dry-eyed.

NURSE: You do not know my heart.

HATHORNE: You would do well if you are guilty to confess and give glory to God.

NURSE: Would you have me belie myself? You can't prove me a witch.

NARRATOR: Such a statement was irrelevant. For what she could not prove and what no one else could prove, was that she was *not* a witch. During the spring of 1692, witches spread across the Colony. Those cried out on were from all levels of its broad society.

There were masters and slaves—whites and blacks. Puritans and Episcopalians. Pauper witches and property witches. High born and low. The Devil gathered about him a full cross section of the lonely colony on the shores of the New World.

The Devil fulfilled his promise of a democracy in Hell. He rattled the very foundation of the House of God. The church was the final fortress against him and the Reverend Parris was its leader.

Camera picks up shadow of raised pulpit and the minister preaching.

PARRIS: In this world we must expect that wicked men must be mixed with the godly, and such that will dare to show their wickedness in their lives, and not be afraid to transgress in a land of uprighteousness. But when such are not countenanced, but due testimony is borne against them; when they are condemned in the places where they will live, and a note of infamy is put upon them, they shall not flourish within our community.

It becomes the ambassadors of the Lord Jesus to make every effort to recall those souls from the power of Satan to the infinite mercy of God. Look to your conscience. Look to your neighbors. Let none in league with Satan escape us. Name ye the witches!

Cut to face of Betty Parris.

BETTY: Ann Pudeator. Ann Pudeator.

Cut to the outside of the house of Judge Corwin in Salem.

The camera slowly moves down the front walk and up to the front door.

VOICE: Ann Pudeator. Ann Pudeator . . .

Camera shows interior where we find narrator standing beside a fireplace.

NARRATOR: This is the house. Here she was brought for examination 265 years ago. Judge Jonathan Corwin bought this house in 1674 from Richard Davenport who had built it for his wife and children. Corwin and his descendants lived here for almost two centuries. This house in every sense is early American in design as well as in fact.

This house is history. Part of this history has contemporary implications and much meaning for all of us. There are three men in particular who for different reasons are interested in the case of Anne Pudeator and they will be joining us here.

One of the men who will be joining us is Mr. H. Vance Greenslit, President of the Southeastern Greyhound Bus Company of Lexington, Kentucky. His interest in the case goes back almost twenty years.

Camera picks up Greenslit entering house.

GREENSLIT: My interest in Ann Pudeator began when an uncle of mine discovered that her first husband was Thomas Greenslit, of Salem, with whom Ann had had five sons. We are direct descendants from this family. Ann Pudeator is my many times great-grandmother.

I've never been interested in genealogy. I haven't had time to be, but I became interested in Ann, and I have found that she was a woman of real stature. When her first husband, Thomas Greenslit, my many times great-grandfather died, Ann went to work for Jacob Pudeator. He was a well-to-do blacksmith whose first wife was a chronic alcoholic. Mrs. Pudeator died the next year and in 1676, Jacob Pudeator married Grandmother Ann. He thought enough of her that on his death he left his estate to her and her five sons.

At the time of the trials Ann was about seventy. She was a woman of property. She owned two estates on the north line of the Commons between Oliver and Winter Streets. She seems to have been held in affection and esteem by her neighbors, and as one record shows: "She was ever prompt in the offices of charity and sympathy." I am proud to claim her as my ancestor. I have a daughter and a grand-daughter named Ann. I have sometimes wondered how they would feel—how any of us would feel if one of our family were cried out as a witch.

NARRATOR: There is another man who is going to join us here. He, too, has a personal interest in these trials.

Camera picks up Senator Saltonstall, who approaches the house, pauses a moment and then walks slowly towards it and enters.

NARRATOR: United States Senator Leverett Saltonstall, a Doctor of Jurisprudence and three times Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Camera shows inside of house where the senator has joined the others.

SALTONSTALL: In 1692, Major Nathaniel Saltonstall, one of my ancestors, was asked to be a judge in these Salem trials. He walked out on the assignment because he did not believe in the type

of evidence they were using, and he wanted no part of it. He resigned from the bench entirely, and returned home to Haverhill. I must say that I am mighty glad that he did. Of course, we should remember that there were no lawyers in the Salem Colony. No judge had any legal training.

Most of the men involved in the trials were second generation colonists who had no basic grasp of English jurisprudence, and the conduct of the trials was most arbitrary, lacking the constitutional guarantees we now enjoy.

Major Saltonstall apparently objected to what we now call the concept of "spectral evidence."

In such a concept, it is believed that the Devil has assumed the form or shape of a person who is in league with him. Dreams and fancies and hallucinations were acceptable court evidence then.

If I say your shape came into my house last night, you can't prove that it did not, as you have no way of accounting for your spectral shape—your other self. As long as such evidence is acceptable, the final verdict can only be suspect.

I am inclined to agree with the scholars who believe that the young women who accused their neighbors of witchcraft did not really have any hallucinations about the accused. Probably they were reflecting the repressions of their Puritan lives in a childish attempt to attract attention to themselves. At first it was exciting, but later, when it came to sending innocent citizens to their deaths, the girls must have felt they were in too deep to confess, and kept on with their act.

Unfortunately, their elders accepted their strange behavior as genuine. Acceptance of spectral evidence was not confined to Salem. It had been admitted into the witchcraft trials of England a hundred years before the Salem trials, and even before that.

ARRATOR: And even before that—it is important to remember that witchcraft is not of American origin.

Salem was a small plant grafted from Europe onto a remote corner of a new and unexplored continent.

The colonists brought with them certain beliefs, traditions, superstitions and fears—concepts of heaven and hell, developed through thousands of years, shaped in the dark ages of Europe by the petty forces of a small continent, by the dreams and

nightmares of great minds and small. The Devil took on sub stance and the witch took on the shape of terror.

The universe of Europe's Middle Ages was simple. God and his hierarchy of Angels transcended the world. At the center of all was the earth, surrounded by the fires of the sun. About the earth revolved each of the planets in turn—beyond these were the signs of the zodiac.

This was God's dominion. But there was another, from which the Devil and all of the fallen angels waged war for the soul of man. Hell was a very real place. The fires burn brightly and forever. It was peopled by those who had fallen with Satan, who reigned in this netherworld. Here the demons were fed with the souls of those who had sinned.

Cue: Witch at fire.

Chief among the sinners were the creatures—the witches who had rejected God and, for the gift of supernatural powers on earth, had signed a compact with Satan. The powers were simple ones: the knowledge of how to make certain brews which could forecast the rise and fall of a king, bewitch a neighbor, or bring a man the love of a woman.

Cue: Witch on stool.

But good men knew that in time the Devil would send his demon to collect the soul which had been promised as forfeit to pay the price of these powers.

Cue: Woman at bed.

To the unscientific mind anything that could not be explained otherwise was best explained by magic. For example, a sudden death must be tested to see if it was brought about by witchcraft—molten lead was passed over the body while an incantation was delivered.

Cue: Drops of lead in a bucket.

The molten lead was dropped into water, and when it was removed the shape of the lead indicated that the man died bewitched and that the next person the family sees will be the witch. It is a family servant at dinner.

Cue: Old woman's face.

Fear of a witch was linked to the fear of hell. The world in which one lived was not important—that everlasting time spent after death is what a man looked towards. Would he spend it in hell where the devil's followers are struggling to

take his soul? In self-protection the witch must be sought out and turned over to the authorities.

Cue: Entrance of men.

The capture of the witch must be quick and sudden. She must be given no time to fly away. Take her. Test her. Make her confess. Burn her.

Cue: Old woman in cell.

The first sign of a witch was the Devil's mark—a wen, or mole—some mark on the body to show where the evil spirits have entered and possessed her body. Next, the suspected witch was brought before the judges. The courts were usually clerical, for the crime was against God, and only his representatives could evaluate the sin.

The best of all evidence, of course, was a confession and there were no restrictions on how this could be brought about.

This woman confesses—and her confession is typical: it begins with the preparation—the Devil's ointment. These secret salves gave the power of flight.

Thus, the witch could join the other members of her coven—her own group of witches in their own wild flight to attend the gathering. This power of flight was believed granted every witch. Thousands of those accused in Europe were burned because people claimed to have seen their spectral shapes in flight.

Cue: Devil waving as flight approaches.

The most abhorred act of the witch on earth, the most feared spectre of all was the witch's sabbath—the gathering of the coven where witch and sorcerer met in mad revels with the Devil and his cohorts of fallen angels. The craven creatures had sold their souls, no longer had any sense of propriety or conscience, they gave way to the mad music—forgot all moral knowledge or respect for God. They were completely abandoned in evil.

Cue: Scene of girl being annointed and symbols of church.

Part of every ceremony was the profanation of the symbols of God—the preparation of a newly joined member of the coven for flight—

And here the Devil's book was signed, it was the compact with Hell made in blood for eternity.

Cue: Girl rising and Devil baptizing.

Once accepted, the new coven-member was baptized by the Devil. In her life and the life of all witches, he became the god they worshipped.

Cue: Old woman, still confessing.

Once a witch confessed, she was forced to name those she had met at the sabbath—those who cried out against her were named, and they in their turn would name others, and the circle continued.

Cut to narrator.

NARRATOR: In England, over 20,000 witches burned; in Spain, 25,000; in France over 30,000; and in Germany, 75,000. All this went before the trials of 1692, in Salem.

SENATOR SALTONSTALL: We can only feel a sense of sorrow and shame that here in our own land, ignorance and fear were so widespread, causing the death of several innocent citizens. Fortunately, the courage and real character shown by some of the accused is also a part of our history. We can learn a lot from this chapter.

MR. GREENSLIT: It is an innocent victim of this fear with whom I am concerned—granting the courage of the victims, how profoundly we should sympathize with them.

* * * *

The door opens and the wind flickers the candles on the wall. The camera moves away to the door and follows the sound to the winding staircase as though we could see people walking up them. The footsteps of a group are heard entering the house and walking up the stairs. When they have all passed, the door closes. The camera cuts to the outside of the house. We see the closed front door and then pan slowly up to the second floor window. The window is dark. A light comes on as we watch.

Camera moves in to show the shoulders and heads of two judges. They are consulting some papers. In the foreground is a Bible. Beside it on the table is a gavel as was seen earlier. The witnesses and accused take their places. The children are grouped on the floor. Hathorne raps the gavel.

HATHORNE: We are here to examine Ann Pudeator, the accused, on the charge of consorting with the Devil. Sarah Churchill, you have charged said Ann Pudeator with bringing the book of the Devil to you.

CHURCHILL: I have.

HATHORNE: Ann Pudeator, you have now been complained of. We will procede with further inquiry. Here is one person, Sarah Churchill, who saith that you brought her the book of the Devil. Look you on this girl.

CHURCHILL: You did bring me the book. I was at Goodman Jacobs.

ANN: I never saw this woman before now. I never saw the Devil's book nor knew that he had one.

CORWIN [*ignoring Ann's comments*]: I submit a deposition. [*He takes a paper from table in front of him as he talks*] This is by Lieutenant Jeremiah Neal. I quote: My wife has been sick of the smallpox. This woman Ann Pudeator has come to my house pretending kindness and I was glad to see it. She asked whether she may use our night lamp, which was used for my wife. I consented to it, but afterwards repented of it, for the nurse told me my wife was the worse and she was very ill with a flux she had not had before. When the officer came for Pudeator, the nurse said they came too late, for my wife grew worse till she died. [*Corwin sets the deposition down*] What say you of this?

ANN: I know nothing of this.

CORWIN: Goody Pudeator, what do you do with the many ointments you have in your house—so many of them.

ANN: I never had ointments. Only fats rendered from meats.

HATHORNE: The constable Jeremiah Neal affirms that you have twenty containers that hold grease or ointments.

ANN: I do not have ointments.

HATHORNE: Then what is in those jars the Constable speaks of?

ANN: Grease. Grease to make soap of.

HATHORNE: What image do you make with these ointments and wax?

ANN: I make no images.

HATHORNE [*ignoring her comment*]: Mary Warren, you have cried out against Ann Pudeator. What are your evidences?

Mary is about to speak when she falls into a fit.

HATHORNE [*upset*]: Goody Pudeator, grasp that child by the wrist. How can you do this to a child? Look at the misery you are causing. Take your evil spleen from her.

Ann does not move. The constable shoves her toward the child.

HATHORNE: Don't look at her face. Just take her by the wrist.

Ann looks away and touches the girl's wrist. The fits stop at once.

Ann is stunned. In a dazed condition she takes her former place. Mary regains her seat and speaks her lines in the clear voice of a child who has memorized her lines.

MARY WARREN: Ann Pudeator has often afflicted me by biting me, sticking pins in me, and choking me. Her shape appeared before me and offered me the devil's book to sign. But I did not. She told me that she was the cause of Jonathan Turner's falling off the cherry tree which caused him great hurt and amazed him in his head and almost killed him. She also told me that she was the cause of Constable Jeremiah Neal's wife's death.

HATHORNE: When did she tell you these things?

MARY WARREN: A month or more ago her shape appeared to me and told me. This was the same night that I saw her hurt Elizabeth Hubbard, Mary Walcott and Ann Putnam. I verily believe Ann Pudeator is a witch.

CORWIN: Goody Pudeator, what do you say of this?

ANN: I know nothing of this.

HATHORNE [*to Mary Warren*]: Anything further?

MARY WARREN: Her shape appeared to me and said she killed her husband, Pudeator. And said she was an instrument of his first wife and John Best's wife's death.

Ann shakes her head incredulously.

ANN: I know nothing of this.

Ann Putnam suddenly starts babbling and falls into a fit.

HATHORNE: Goody Pudeator, cease this torment at once. Have you no heart? Must you hurt the child thus? I tell you take her wrist and withdraw your venom.

Ann, almost in tears, does as she is told.

ANN: Hurt the child? All this hurts me more.

She clasps the girl's wrist and Ann Putnam quickly recovers. Ann Putnam takes her seat, quiet, docile and ethereal. Ann Pudeator looks at her, bewildered, and shuffles back to her place.

HATHORNE: Goody Pudeator, how can you deny hurting these children in the face of such evidence? [*to Ann Putnam*] Are you prepared to give evidence now, Ann, child?

ANN PUTNAM [*brightly and clearly*]: I have seen Ann Pudeator afflict Mary Warren, Mary Walcott, and Elizabeth Hubbard often by pinching them and sticking pins in them and choking and bruising them. Also she has afflicted me on many occasions.

HATHORNE: Is there anything further?

ANN PUTNAM: I don't remember anything.

CORWIN: I submit the deposition of Samuel Pickworth. I this deponent was coming along Salem Street between Ann Pudeator's house and Captain Higginson's, it being in the evening, and I this deponent saw a woman near Captain Higginson's corner, whom I supposed to be Ann Pudeator. And then in a moment of time she passed me as swift as if a bird flew by and I saw said woman go into the house of Ann Pudeator.

ANN PUTNAM [*rising*]: Goody Pudeator has told me often that she flew by a man in the night into her house.

Commotion of noise as all turn to the accused. Corwin raps gavel and noise stops.

CORWIN: Is there any other testimony?

John Best speaks from behind Ann, off camera. Others turn to direction of door which cannot be seen as he speaks.

JOHN BEST: I would like to testify.

CORWIN: Mr. Jonathan Best, Senior. You have evidence in this case?

JOHN BEST: I do.

HATHORNE: We will hear it.

JOHN BEST: I have often heard my wife say that Ann Pudeator would not leave her alone until she had killed her. Ann Pudeator pinched and bruised her until her arms and other parts of her body looked black, and Ann Pudeator did not stop tormenting her until my wife died.

Ann Pudeator turns towards the voice with scorn.

ANN PUDEATOR: Jonathan Best is a convicted liar—he has been convicted by the courts of Salem and whipped for telling falsehoods.

Corwin raps gavel.

CORWIN: Ann Pudeator, you stand accused of sundry acts of witchcraft, at Essex in the Provence of Massachusetts in New England, the jurors for our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen of England, being present. You are accused of diverse times of committing detestable acts called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and maliciously and feloniously. You have practiced and exercised at and in the Township of Salem against Mary Walcott, Mary Warren and others. You have tortured, afflicted, pained, consumed, wasted and tormented them. Also, Ann Pudeator, you have committed other

acts of witchcraft against the peace of our sovereigns the King and Queen and their crown and dignity. Ann Pudeator, you stand accused. Have you anything to say?

ANN PUDEATOR: I am an old woman. I came to this strange land as a child. I stand accused now of matters I do not understand. I have worked hard and striven hard to do good. I have little education. Give me time to compose my thoughts.

HATHORNE: You stand convicted. Have you anything further to say?

Pause.

ANN PUDEATOR: I am condemned to die and knowing in my conscience as I shall shortly answer it before the great God in heaven, who is the searcher and knower of all hearts, that the evidence of Jonathan Best and Samuel Pickworth which was given in against me were all of them false and untrue besides which Jonathan Best hath been formerly whipped and been recorded for a liar.

I would humbly beg of your honors to take it into your judicious and pious consideration that my life may not be taken away by such false evidences and witnesses as these be and likewise the evidence given in against me by Sarah Churchill and Mary Warren I am altogether ignorant of and know nothing in the least measure about it. Nor nothing else concerning the crime of witchcraft for which I am condemned to die as will be known to all men and angels at the great Day of Judgment, begging and imploring your prayers at the throne of grace in my behalf and your poor and humble petitioner shall forever pray as she is bound in duty for your honors' health and happiness in this life and eternal felicity in the world to come.

As speech ends, camera pulls back from window and focuses on outside of house. Light goes out in the window. Camera moves down to first floor window, then in to living room where the three men sit.

NARRATOR: There were twenty convictions. In all, nineteen persons were hanged. Giles Cory was crushed to death by rocks being placed on his chest. Those who listened for him to confess his guilt only heard him say, "More stones. More stones." Fifty-nine persons were pardoned. One hundred and fifty were imprisoned and two hundred others were accused.

SALTONSTALL: As small as was this colony on the new continent—so brief was the length of the trials. Europe's plague made only a

minute inroad into the New World, for here in Salem, men of reason, of good will and compassion, quickly spoke out against the tyranny of spectral evidence. If the clergy of Essex County were engulfed in the horror they conceived, they stood alone, for the other ministers of New England would have none of it. Judges themselves began to doubt. Corwin questioned the very evidence itself as did Judge Hale, a visiting magistrate from Beverly.

They started to question the reliability of the touch test and the validity of spectral evidence. Was it logical to suppose that the Devil had become a reformer—that he would permit his own witches to be purged out of this world—that he would remove his power from them? If he did not, then they would have his power and they could escape merely by mounting a broom and flying away. And besides, where would it all end? Judge Corwin's mother-in-law in Boston was cried out against, as was Lady Phipps, the Governor's wife. No degree of eminence or history of virtue insured a person against being cried out as a witch. Reason and fear set in together and the trials came to an abrupt halt by the fall of 1692. After that no more witches were named or hanged in Salem.

GREENSLIT: The voice of reason was lifted too late for Ann Pudeator. She was excommunicated and hanged on September 22.

Camera picks up distant silhouette being led to gallows on hill. In foreground we see Parris framed by two large candles burning. Bells toll in the background. He holds a large Bible in hand, open between his palms. At end of speech he bangs books closed and bells toll loudly.

PARRIS: A dungeon horrible on all sides round,/ As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames/ No light but rather darkness visible;/ Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace/ And rest can never dwell;/ Hope never comes/ That comes to all; but torture without end,/ As far removed from God and light of Heaven,/ As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.

Candles burn brightly. Book is closed. Bells toll loudly. Ann is hanged.

NARRATOR: The years passed. A repentent Salem sent the Reverend Parris packing. The tree on Gallows Hill turned green in summer and red in autumn like any other tree. Some families drifted away. Others stayed to plant their fields and remember their dead. Some of the girls grew up and married. Others

never did. One evening in August 1706 a lone figure rose in the old meeting house. It was Ann Putnam, now orphaned and responsible for eight younger brothers and sisters. The eyes of the children and relatives of those convicted by her testimony were on her.

Camera picks up church, then moves inside to focus on Ann Putnam.

NARRATOR: Samuel Nurse had approved the statement she would make. She was still young. She was to live another decade—a sick and lonely woman.

ANN PUTNAM: I desire to be humbled before God for that sad and humbling providence that befell my father's family in the year about '92. That I then being in my childhood, should, by such providence of God, be made an instrument for the accusing of several persons of a grievous crime, whereby their lives were taken away from them, whom I now have just grounds and good reason to believe were innocent persons; and that it was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me in that sad time, whereby I justly fear I have been instrumental, with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon myself and this land the guilt of innocent blood; though what was said or done by me against any person I can truly and uprightly say, before God and man, I did not out of anger, malice or ill-will to any person, for I had no such thing against one of them.

But what I did was done ignorantly, being deluded by Satan. And particularly as I was a chief instrument in accusing Goodwife Nurse and her two sisters and Ann Pudeator, I desire to lie in the dust and be humbled for it, in that I was a cause with others, of so sad a calamity to them and their families; for which cause I desire to lie in the dust, and earnestly beg forgiveness of God, and from all those whom I have given just cause for sorrow and offence, whose relations were taken away or accused.

NARRATOR: And the people of Salem forgave Ann Putnam. They accepted her back as a member of the community.

SALTONSTALL: Ann Putnam confessed and was forgiven as were judges and other witnesses. But for the people of Salem the tree that stood on Gallows Hill hung over the town like a conscience for over two hundred years and still stands as a symbol of justice miscarried.

GREENSLIT: In 1711 the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a bill through both houses [*picks up documents*] which reversed all of the decisions but five, who are still held to be condemned witches. The bill, and I quote, "reversed, made and declared to be null and void to all intents and constructions and purposes whatsoever as if no conviction, judgments had ever been had or given." [*Sets paper down*] This reversal applied to all but five of the cases. Ann Pudeator's was one of the five cases not reversed.

A letter of the legislative committee of 1711 explains the reason: no member of the family was present to request that reversal. This is 1957. I am present. I have been asked by other descendants of Ann Pudeator to request this reversal in their behalf.

Camera moves to outside of house. Judge Hill comes down the walk.

NARRATOR: Acting for Mr. Greenslit in his efforts to achieve a reversal of the judgment against Ann Pudeator is Special Judge Richard Hill, a resident of Salem.

Camera follows Hill as he enters house and stands beside the others.

HILL: Three and a half years ago I decided to set the record straight and to right an injustice done to Mr. Greenslit's many-time great-grandmother. On March 5, 1954, Phil Durkin, the representative from Salem to the Massachusetts State Legislature, presented House Bill Number 1392, requesting reversal of the attainders, judgments and convictions for witchcraft of Ann Pudeator and others. The House passed the bill unanimously. William Nourse, of Medfield, a descendant of Rebecca Nurse, was one of those voting for the clearance of Ann Pudeator. His own ancestor was cleared in 1711. On March 10, 1954, the bill was taken to the Senate by the young senator from Pittsfield, Silvio Conte. It was rejected by certain senators who feared Mr. Greenslit would request restitution. This is not true as his only aim is to clear Ann Pudeator. We have just submitted a new bill with the aid of Representatives Newth and Durkin—again requesting reversal.

GREENSLIT: I have come to feel closer to Ann than to some of my living relatives. She was a woman of character and stature. Instead of taking the easy route of confession which would lead to forgiveness for a crime she had not committed, she stood for truth. She did not belie herself. She was willing to accept the

severe penalty of excommunication and death by hanging rather than compromise her principles. I am proud to be a part of her line. It is an inheritance I am pleased to pass on to my own children and grandchildren. We, the descendants of Ann Pudeator, are not looking for damages or land—simply justice. We would like to see Ann get into heaven and an injustice righted . . . for justice, like Ann, is part of America.

Camera picks up four preparing to leave. We see Ann Pudeator in silhouette.

ANN PUDEATOR: I am condemned to die and knowing in my own conscience as I shall shortly answer it before the great God in heaven, who is the searcher and knower of all hearts, that the evidence of Jonathan Best and Samuel Pickworth, which was given in against me, were all of them false and untrue, besides which Jonathan Best hath been formerly whipped and been recorded for a liar.

I would humbly beg of your honors to take it into your judicious and pious consideration that my life may not be taken away by such false evidences and witnesses as these be and likewise the evidence given in against me by Sarah Churchill and Mary Warren I am altogether ignorant of and know nothing in the least measure about it. Nor nothing else concerning the crime of witchcraft for which I am condemned to die as will be known to all men and angels at the great Day of Judgment, begging and imploring your prayers at the throne of grace in my behalf and your poor and humble petitioner shall forever pray as she is bound in duty for your honors' health and happiness in this life and eternal felicity in the world to come.

FOUR CONFERENCES

'ROCEEDINGS OF FOUR CONFERENCES OF PARA-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES. New York: Parapsychology Foundation, Inc. 180 pp. $3.00.

NO man is an Iland, intire of itselfe . . ." That no science an island either is irresistibly emonstrated in this volume sum-narizing four international con-erences. Philosophers, psychia-rists, psychologists, anthropolo-ists and medical men were rought from many countries of he world to meet with experi-nced psychical researchers in onsidering some of the most tubborn problems of parapsy-hology. An outgrowth of the istoric Utrecht conference of 953, these meetings of specialists ere sponsored by the Parapsy-hology Foundation as part of its rogram to strengthen parapsy-hological studies on a world-wide rontier.

The *Proceedings* of the four onferences consist of two or hree page summaries for each f fifty-four papers presented. An Introduction" to each conference rovides a useful over-view of the iscussions.

At the International Philosophic Symposium in southern France in 1954, scholars from Europe and North America considered the implications of psychical evidence for some of the classic problems of philosophy. Joining in the lively discussions of precognition and survival concepts were such scholars as Profs. H. H. Price and C. W. K. Mundle of Great Britain, Prof. C. J. Ducasse and Mr. Aldous Huxley of the United States, and M. Gabriel Marcel of France.

The "International Study Group on Unorthodox Healing," also meeting in southern France in 1954, advanced proposals for personality studies of the healer and the healed, and pondered over cases of remarkable cures, including some from Lourdes presented by Dr. François Leuret, Director of the Lourdes Medical Bureau. But the central questions of defining unorthodox healing and of determining the presence of paranormal influences in cures had to be left unanswered by the group.

Meeting in England at historic Newnham College, the Cambridge Conference on Spontaneous Phenomena in 1955 inaugurated plans for discovering, au-

thenticating, and evaluating recent cases of spontaneous phenomena on a world-wide scale, and set up the machinery to provide international correspondence in matters of research.

Careful Authentication

THE general concern of the conferees with problems of careful authentication of cases and with the training of field workers was reflected in papers read by Dr. Gardner Murphy (U. S. A.), Prof. C. J. Ducasse (U. S. A.), Mr. W. H. Salter (U.K.), and Prof. H. H. Price (U.K.).

In contrast with these were reports on the extensive case studies at Duke University by Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Rhine who advocate analysis of masses of uncorroborated cases in the search for ideas to be tested experimentally. Perhaps their position might have carried more weight with the conference if they had been able to cite any actual experimental findings arising from the "priceless research suggestions" in their case material.

The fourth conference took for its theme the need for closer integration of parapsychology with other sciences. Held at the Abbey of Royaumont, France, in 1956, the symposium on "Psychology and Parapsychology" was attended by psychologists, psychiatrists, anthropologists, and parapsychologists from many European countries and the United States.

Perhaps the most important paper of all was that of Dr. David Kahn of New York entitled "The Enigma of Psi: A Challenge to Scientific Method." Concerned over the failure of experimental methods to produce a new knowledge about psi, Dr. Kahn convincingly showed how misconceptions in defining the psi problem had foredoomed experiments to failure. A most provocative paper it is one that deserves publication in full in a parapsychology journal.

As Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett, president of the Parapsychology Foundation, points out in her preface to the *Proceedings*, these four conferences have "raised many more questions than they attempted to answer." Nevertheless, they have provided questions to challenge the thinking of reflective readers.

The most important accomplishment will no doubt lie in those networks of cooperation and mutual stimulation that individual scientists have been able to build up through the personal contacts so wisely provided by the Foundation. These far-reaching "communication nets" should continue to bear fruit in research long after the specific contents of the conferences have been forgotten.

Betty Nic

One must pause and reflect on why Sir Arthur Evans and his pupil, D. S. Pendlebury, devoted their lives and a great fortune to the xcavation and the restoration of this Copper and Bronze Age of rete. He who believes in reincarnation must well ask himself whether ie subjective knowledge of things long forgotten had led him back o present so unerringly a superb picture of an age called Minoan—a nvenient term derived from the famous Minos Dynasty.

One finds the worship of the bull is pronounced. The bull was cer-inly a sacred animal and itself, at times, a principal victim of sacrifice even as in Spain today! The deities propitiated in Crete were those ho bestowed fertility and controlled earthquakes.

ONE leaves Crete with a certain sadness, knowing that one's life could well be lived out there in exploration of the Divine Mys-ries. One's spirit is revived by the sight of Rhodes, known as the ride of the Sun. Here there is none of the arid barrenness of Crete; it a land blessed with fruit, flowers and vegetation. Here, too, one mes into contact with the Minoan Civilization, for tradition reports at a grandson of King Minos landed at Rhodes from Crete to avoid n oracle who had declared he would kill his father! From Crete he rought the cult of Zeus (Jupiter). According to Homer, the three ncient towns of the island took glorious part in the Trojan war; the ars of Alexander with the Persians, evidently advantageous to Rho-ans, are still spoken of as though only a brief moment in time had apsed since their cessation.

As our airship sailed gently over the blue sea below, I reflected that erhaps Saint Paul and the gentler Saint John were a great relief to ie populace. Picturesque, predominant and awesome are the gods of reece even today, but one suspects that the gentler teaching, with its spel of a life everlasting, which contained hope for slave and con-ueror alike, must inevitably arrest attention and create a new era here just men could at least hope to live in some form of unity—the hristian Era that promised another, and greater, adventure.

EILEEN J. GARRETT

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